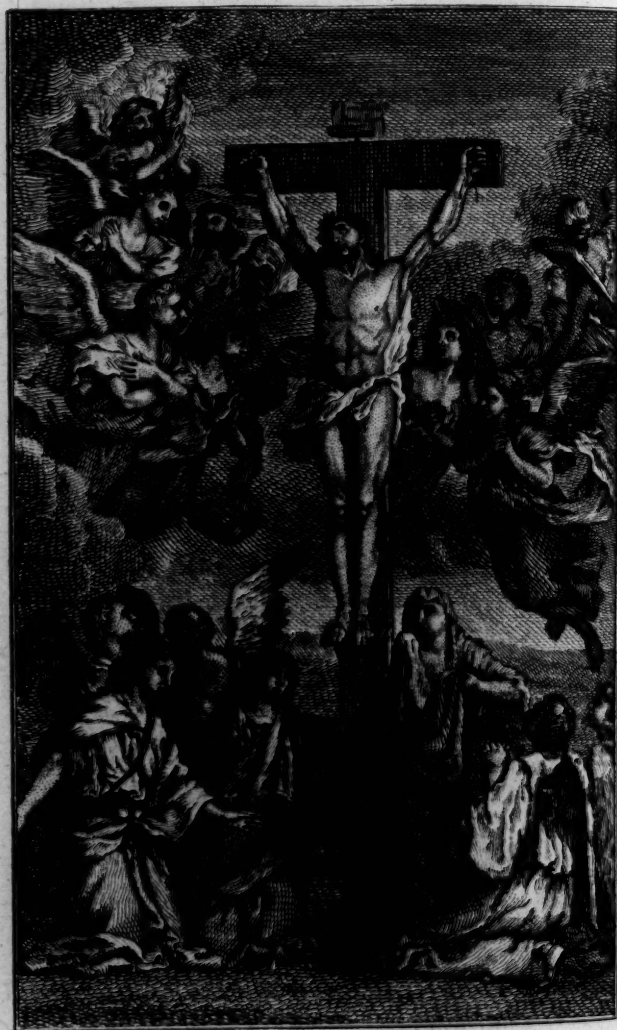
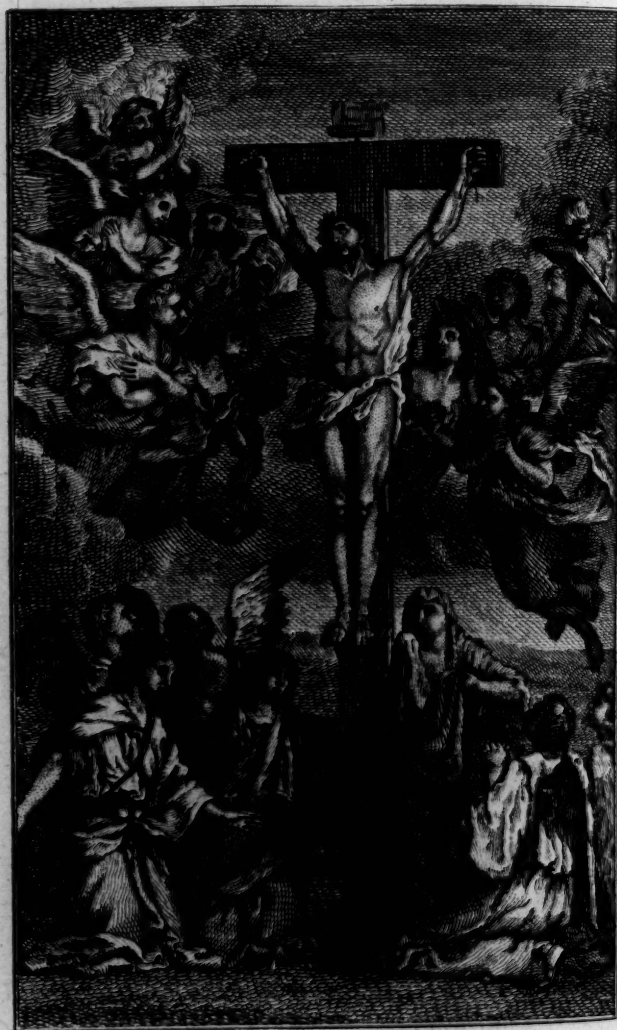




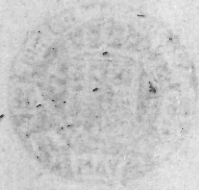


T H E
Messiah
Attempted from the
German
of W. Klopstock
Vol. II.



L. S. N. D. S. N.

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THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
MESSIAH.

VOL. II.

A

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD descends towards the earth, and is met by the wise men of the east, newly releas'd from their bodies, one of whom addresses the MOST HIGH. He is seen by the first inhabitant of a guiltless world, who relates to his happy offspring, what he has heard of the fall of man, and the coming of the MESSIAH. God rests on TABER. JESUS prays, when ADRA-MELECH coming to insult him, is by a look put to flight. The MESSIAH comes to his disciples, whom he finds asleep. He then returns to pray. AB-BADONA comes, and after mistaking JOHN for the MESSIAH, finds him, and gives vent to his thoughts. The MESSIAH again returns to his sleeping disciples, and a third time prostrates himself in prayer, when GOD sends ELOA to comfort him by singing a triumphant song on his future glory. All the angels, except ELOA and GABRIEL withdraw, and GOD himself returns to his celestial throne.

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THE
MESSIAH.
BOOK V.

ARRAY'D in awful dignity, JEHOVAH sat on his exalted throne, and near him was ELOA, who, with humble reverence, and low prostration, said, May I presume, O ETERNAL! to ask, Why sits terror on thy brow? Why does anger flash from thine eyes? What means this thunder which rolls tremendous? Thou look'st on the stars, and they hide their heads. Silent are the cherubim and seraphim — Of all the numberless myriads of angelic spirits, none do I hear chanting grateful praise, none in lofty strains hymning the great MESSIAH: but all, with reverential

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awe, veil their faces with their wings.
Wilt thou, O GOD! arise, and destroy the
kingdom of SATAN? Wilt thou, O
MOST RIGHTEOUS! go forth to cha-
stise the blasphemer! and to reduce to
nothing the deep abyss of Hell his do-
minion? Shall the name of him whom
thou hast created no longer remain in
the book of the living? Then shall I see
him lying prostrate, O thou adoreable
SOURCE OF JUSTICE!—lying prostrate
before thee, vanquish'd by thine anger,
while the howling of his despair shall
pervade the regions of eternal night,
and reach even the gates of Heaven.
Then shall the stars in their courses
proclaim, There lies the arch apostate,
reduc'd to destruction. If this be thy
will, O thou SOVEREIGN JUDGE! arm
me with thy power, and permit me to
march out against the blasphemer. Let
me be encompass'd with impenetrable
gloom; give me a thousand thunders,
and cloathe me in thy divine strength,
that before thy face, I may crush at the

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 5

very gate of death, the menacing chief of thine accursed foes. O JEHOVAH, how dreadful art thou in judgment ! long had I existed when the earth was form'd ; for my days are not the days of a mortal, who shoots up, spreads his leaves and flourishes, then withers, sinks, and dies : yet never have I seen thee thus array'd in terror ! O thou OMNIPOTENT ! forgive my having taken upon me to speak to thee. I am but a vapour. Be not offended against me, O my MAKER ! view me not with that piercing look which thou now castest on the earth, lest thy finite seraph die, and no longer be remember'd in the sanctuary of his God.

The MESSIAH, said the ETERNAL has plac'd himself between me and the human race. I descend to judge him. He is on the earth were he expects my decree. Come, follow me, array'd in all thy celestial beauty. He, guiltless, suf-

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fers for sinners : he ever merciful, will bleed for his very murderers, and even lay down his life, not for his friends ; but for his cruel, his merciless enemies.

Thus spake the ALMIGHTY, and arose from his eternal throne. Loud thunder now resounded thro' the high arch of Heaven. The holy mountains shook : the clouds of sacred darkness which encompass'd the sanctuary, three times flew back, and at the fourth, the lofty seat of judgment was seen to tremble. The MOST HIGH proceeded thro' the solar way that leads down to earth. At the end of the bright path illumin'd by suns, he was met by a seraph, who was conducting six righteous souls, who had lately left their bodies : they were array'd in glory, and their new ethereal forms shone with resplendent beams. These were the six wise men of the happy east, who, guided by a swift moving star, first brought their gifts, and paid their adorations to JESUS.

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 7

—to JESUS, the heavenly babe, encompass'd by ministring angels.

HADAD, for so the first was call'd, left his belov'd consort, the fairest of the daughters of BETHURIM. At his decease she burst into no lamentations. This in a sacred hour of love she had vow'd to HADAD: certain of his and her immortality, she suppress'd her tears —she forgot to weep: Yet their mutual love exceeded that of mortals.

SELIMA, during a life of piety, and fervent devotion, had borne his misfortunes with resignation. He died, and enter'd on everlasting happiness.

ZIMRI taught the people: but they treated him with contempt, and persisted in their vices. Yet when dying, he prevail'd on one of them to lead a divine life, and then expir'd.

MIRJA brought up five sons, whom, by his example and instructions, he inspir'd with the love of Virtue. They enjoy'd her pure, her intellectual treasures: this was their riches: they nei-

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ther had, nor needed other wealth : but looking forward to a more blissful state, they, with resignation, beheld their pious father die.

BELED's eyes smiling in death, were clos'd by his once mortal enemy, who wept over him. BELED had reveng'd himself by his magnanimity ; for he had generously given him half his kingdom. On which the hatred of enmity gave way to the soft sensations of friendship. He who had endeavour'd to dethrone BELED, now became charm'd with his virtues, and liv'd like him.

SUNITH us'd to sing in Parphar's grove to the youth of Bethlehem, and with him were his three holy daughters. Thee have the cedars—thee has Jedidoth's flowing stream bewail'd to its lonely banks ! Ah thee, have thy veil'd daughters, O SUNITH ! lamented to their harps, with virgin tears !

The piercing eye of these spirits penetrated the wide expanse, and they saw a distant approaching glance of the di-

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 9

vine glory. Their senses now refin'd,
and fitted for everlasting joys, became
more strong, more exquisite. The glo-
ry of the LORD pass'd over them, and
the seraph, with humble adoration,
cry'd aloud, Behold the great JEHO-
VAH !—

SELIMA now fill'd with rapture, es-
say'd to speak, when his new voice,
flowing in soft melody and silver sounds,
fill'd him with pleasing surprise. O
thou whom I behold, said he; by what
name, thou SOURCE of Being, of Light
and Joy!—by what worthy name shall
I, transported, call thee?—thee whom
my eyes now first behold ! GOD ! JE-
HOVAH ! FATHER ! Or wouldst thou
rather be nam'd the INEXPRESSIBLE ?
Or the FATHER of thy holy Son JE-
sus, who, at Bethlehem, assum'd the
human form : whom we, with troops
of rejoicing angels saw ? Hail eternal
FATHER of the everlasting SON ! to thee
be rais'd incessant Hallelujahs ! In thee
exults the immortal soul, born of thine

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inspiring breath, and the heiress of eternal life. Thou most Bless'd! most Incomprehensible! among men have I heard thee nam'd Love; yet how dreadful, how terrible dost thou now appear! Oh comest thou forth to slay thine enemies? Shall the abode of sinners be utterly destroy'd? Wilt thou exterminate those that yet disown thy SON? No, thou art merciful and gracious! Thou wilt not be rigorous in judgment? For them—even for them, the unthankful and the evil, hast thou sent the great MESSIAH! Hail thou eternal FATHER of the everlasting SON! Then SELIMA, with the other souls, worshipp'd in humble prostration.

At the other end of the luminous path, ELOA, with agil motion, leapt into his resplendent chariot, in which he had carry'd ELIJAH up to Heaven, when, O Dothan on thy cloud-envelopp'd mountains, he was seen by ELISHA, ELOA stood erect. He rush'd forward, like an impetuous storm. Then

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 11

refounded the golden axis. Then backward flew his hair and vesture, like shining clouds. With firm foot the immortal stood immoveable. In his right hand he carried on high a storm; at each elevated thought thunders burst from the tempest. Thus he follow'd the mighty JEHOVAH through luminous paths enlighten'd by suns. The ALMIGHTY now pass'd through the vast assemblage of stars, call'd the Milky Way: nam'd among the immortals the Resting Place of the OMNIPOTENT: for when the first celestial sabbath saw the world compleated, there the ETERNAL stopp'd to view his works.

The ALMIGHTY now approach'd a star, the dwelling of rational beings, men form'd like us, but free from vice, and exempt from death. Their first progenitor stood among his guiltless offspring in all the bloom, in all the vigour of manly youth, tho' a long series of ages had pass'd over his head. His eyes, which time had not dimm'd, be-

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held with pleasure his happy descendants; nor were they incapable of shedding the pleasing tear of joy. His quick ear was not clos'd to the voice of the MOST HIGH; to the instructions of the seraph; nor to the language of his numerous offspring, from whom he with pleasure heard the endearing appellation of Father. At his right side stood the mother of men, her children, beautiful as when the CREATOR first led her, immortal fair! to the embraces of her spouse; even age had added to her charms, and she now appear'd more lovely than her blooming daughters. At his left hand was his first-born, his worthy son, the image of his father, array'd in heavenly innocence. Around them stood their descendants of different generations; and scatter'd about them, on the smiling turf, reclin'd their youngest offspring, whose waving locks falling in curls, were crown'd with flowers, beautiful as those that, on this earth, once enamell'd the plains of Paradise. With

pleasure they gaz'd on their primeval
 parents, while their young hearts pant-
 ed to imitate their virtues. The fathers
 and mothers had brought the lovely in-
 fants born the preceeding year, to re-
 ceive the first dear embrace, and pious
 benediction of their original ancestors.
 When the happy father of this blessed
 race of immortal beings, lifting up his
 eyes towards Heaven, to invoke the
 divine benediction, beheld the face of
 GOD. The smile of benignity and pa-
 ternal love now gave place to a look of
 solemn and reverential awe, mingled
 with gratitude; then bowing in humble
 worship, he cry'd :

Behold and adore, O my children,
 the Great ETERNAL! from whom both
 you and I receiv'd our life. 'Tis he who
 has cloath'd those vales with beauteous
 flowers: those blooming groves with
 fragrant blossoms and blushing fruit,
 together hanging on each bending
 bough; and has crown'd the summit of
 these mountains with golden clouds;

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yet neither to the flowery vale, the blooming grove, or to the aspiring mountain, has he given immortal souls. These were his gifts to you, my children! Neither to hill, nor grove, nor vale, has he given your lovely features, nor the human form, so convenient, so august: nor the face significant, expressive of the soul's deepest thoughts: no look of rapturous joy sublime, with grateful eye rais'd up to Heaven: no voice to transmit the great sensations of the glowing heart to fellow minds; or to join the lofty strains of the adoring angels! To me he appear'd in the waving groves of Paradise, then a small but delightful garden, though it has now spread over this spacious country. There, with benignant grace, he first appear'd to me, when from earth he had form'd me man, and blessing me, led your mother to my embraces. Speak, ye cedars, rustling speak—speak, for under your branches I saw him walk! Stay, thou rapid stream—stay, for there

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 15

I saw him pass thy waves! Whisper, ye gentle gales, as when with smiling grace he descended from these towering hills! Stand still before him, O earth, and suspend thy course, as once thou stoodst still, when he pass'd over thee; when round his face sublime the moving heavens flow'd! when his right hand pois'd the glowing suns, and in his left he held the revolving planets!

May I presume, O ETERNAL! again enraptur'd to look on thee? O FATHER! disperse the tremendous gloom with which thou art encompass'd. Remove from thine eyes that awful displeasure, which sure none but an immortal can behold and live! By whom, O my GOD! art thou offended?—can it be by those thou lovest?—Perhaps 'tis by a guilty people who fell and ventur'd (a thought I can scarce conceive!) to provoke the ALL-GRACIOUS, the OMNIPOTENT.—

Hear me, O my children, and attend to my words.—Long have I been silent,

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lest I should give inquietude to your tender, your happy minds, and melancholy should disturb your sacred rest. Far from us, on one of the worlds enlighten'd by another sun, are men whose form resembles ours: but having forfeited their native innocence, are no longer immortal. You justly wonder, and well you may, that he who was created for an eternal duration, and was one of the most admirable of the works of the great OMNIPOTENT, should basely forfeit his immortality. But it is not the everlasting spirit—the never dying soul that is become mortal: it is the body which returns to the earth, of which it was made. This they call dying. The immortal soul having lost its beauty, its innocence, is conducted to the righteous judgement seat of God, there to receive a sentence according to the works done in the body.—Ye awful, ye dreadful thoughts fly far from me! I stand aghast at the dread idea! On that tremendous tribunal, God alone, the

Book V. THE MESSIAH. 17

Creator and Judge, can think. With what overwhelming terror does the mere idea of death fill an immortal ! It is preceded by something dreadful, which those unhappy creatures call pain. The dying can scarce with trembling tongue utter a mournful farewell ! — With difficulty he respire ! — A cold sweat rises on his alter'd face ! — Faint and slow beats his heart ! — His eye-strings break ! — His eyes become fix'd, and no longer see ! — From them the face of the earth and heavens are vanish'd ! they are lost in the abyss of night ! — He no longer hears the voice of man, nor the tender sighs of love and friendship ! — He himself cannot speak ! His heart ceases to beat ! he dies ! The form once the most lovely becomes loathsome ! — It is bury'd in the earth, and conceal'd from human sight ! Thus the daughter expires in the arms of her fond mother, who wishes to accompany her in death. The father presses to his heart his only

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son, who expires in blooming youth. Fathers, mothers, the comforters and supports of their unhappy children, die in the midst of the cries of their desolate family. The belov'd spouse perishes in the embraces of her husband. Love, that celestial sensation, is the sole image that has remain'd on that earth of its primitive felicity ; but it is only a faint image of it, that never exists but in the hearts of the few virtuous. Alas! it renders even them happy but for a moment!—A moment—and they die—God shews them no pity : he relents not at the pining sigh of the pious spouse, at the fervor of her supplications, and her earnest entreaties for one hour more : nor at the despair of the trembling youth embracing her in speechless sorrow : nor at the afflicted virtue, to which love and its tender sensibilities, sometimes raise the mortal pair.

Here he ceas'd, interrupted by the lamentations of his affrighted children.

Book V. THE MESSIAH. 19

The fathers press'd their sons, and the mothers their terrify'd daughters to their trembling breasts. The boys grasp'd the knees of the stooping fathers, and kiss'd from the parent's eye the manly tear. Hand in hand sat brothers and sisters with their timorous looks fix'd on each other! and on the bosoms of the belov'd fair sunk, trembling, the immortal youths; who felt life beat with a higher pulse, while reclin'd on the breast of the celestial maids. But now the father of that spotless race, recalling his fortitude, thus resum'd, while his fair consort fondly lean'd on his shoulder.

Oh may it not be these whom God in his wrath, is now visiting: Alas! they have, perhaps, too much offended their gracious CREATOR; and having fill'd up the measure of their iniquities, he is going to exterminate them. Ah! ye kindred race, originally design'd like us, for immortality, had you but known our affectionate love;—had you

but foreseen our sorrow for you; never, surely, would you, by your crimes have drawn down the vengeance of your and our ALMIGHTY FRIEND! O kindred race! should the earth be your grave, and GOD at once destroy all its rational inhabitants, we will pity those whom GOD has slain—but we shall despise ye too—our pity will be mingled with contempt.—How could ye, ungrateful, offend such unbounded goodness?—Yet to this race, O ALMIGHTY FATHER! thou hast sent thy belov'd SON, the glorious MESSIAH! All the seraphs, in their visits to us, with the applauding angels, have proclaim'd that he shall be their Redeemer—that one day he shall raise the dead to life, and that we ourselves shall see them. Behold, the MOST HIGH turns his face from us, and now descends to the earth. How wonderful, O GOD, art thou in thy judgments! How inscrutable are the wise designs of thy providence! Thou art eternally the same, ever per-

Book V. THE MESSIAH. 21

fect, ever unchangeable! Let us sing praises to thee, our CREATOR! And let thy blessings be pour'd on these mine offspring! With faces veil'd the cherubim and seraphim worship before thine exalted throne! Thee immortal men, adore from this sacred earth! — thee mortal men, whom thou slayest, adore in the dust! Thus he utter'd the effusions of his soul, while his fix'd eyes follow'd the divine effulgence.

The ALMIGHTY now drew near to the earth. From a towering assemblage of clouds, ELOA saw the great MESSIAH, and there, wrapt in obscurity, in gentle accents thus spake. O thou gracious REDEEMER! how greatly is thy labouring mind distress'd, while thus imploring and procuring mercy for sinful man! What finite intellect can comprehend this mystery! — can comprehend the depths of sovereign wisdom, and of grace divine.—But let me be silent, and, rapt in wonder, adore! Thus spake ELOA, and then, stretching out his

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arms towards the earth, in silence pour'd forth his benedictions.

GOD now descended on mount Tabor, and, shrouded in a solemn midnight cloud, view'd this whole terraqueous globe, with idolatrous altars and sinners cover'd. Over its extensive plains was spread the empire of Death, witnessing against man. He saw all the sins, from the creation to the final day of retribution—the sins of the idolaters; those of JEHOVAH's servants; and the sins of christians, still more horrid, rise in the clouds before the sovereign JUDGE: before him they arose, in hideous forms, unshrouded from night. They arose from the abyss in which they were bury'd by the guilty heart, that, ungrateful, rebell'd against the all-gracious CREATOR. The hideous host was led by the Crimes of those capacious souls, who beheld thee, O sacred Virtue! in all thy celestial beauty, yet obey'd not thy pleasing dictates; but self-convicted, with black

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 23

impiety, and redoubled guilt, oppos'd the generous feelings of humanity and heavenly grace, struggling in their breasts, and witnessing between themselves and GOD. In gigantic form they appear'd before him who directs the thunder, and guides the forked lightning: for inexorable conscience, with irresistible voice, summon'd them to approach. An universal accusation now ascended to Heaven. On the fluttering wings of the wind were borne the soft sighs of suffering virtue. Loud as the roar of waves rushing impetuous, resounded the groans and lamentations of the dying from the bloody field of slaughter, witnessing against the ambitious potentates of the earth; and the voice of thunder was given to the blood of the martyrs, crying, O thou who in thine awful hand holdest the balance of judgment, behold the innocent blood that has been shed—shed for thy sake, O thou most holy, just and true! The ALMIGHTY then revolving in his infinite mind,

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the virtues of the various orders of intelligent beings who had continu'd faithful, and weigh'd the actions of the wicked. His anger was kindled. The earth then shook to its centre; but he supported it with his hand, lest it should be scatter'd thro' the immensity of space. Then turning towards ELOA, the seraph at once knew the intimations of the divine countenance, and ascended into the air. As from the ark of the covenant rose the luminous cloud, the guide of the people of Israel, when led by MOSES, they from desert to desert mov'd their tents; thus silent on a midnight cloud stood the seraph, with his eyes fix'd on the Mount of Olives. Him the blessed SAVIOUR then beheld, and instantly hastened to Gethsemane, to pour out his soul in fervent prayer for man. Fill'd with inward distress he went, follow'd by three of his disciples. These he at length left behind, and withdrew alone to a silent solitary spot, where,

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unobserv'd by man, he might give vent
to the great, the painful sensations that
swell'd his heart.

Thou hast led me, O harmonious
muse of Sion ! to the sanctuary ; but
the Holy of Holies I have not seen.
Oh had I the soft melodious voice with
which the exalted seraph sings : did the
terrific trump, which shook the solid
base of Sion's mount, resound from my
lips : did thunders speak from my right
hand the thoughts which the celestial
harps cannot resound ; Yet, O adore-
able MESSIAH ! should I fail in singing
thy passion, the mighty conflicts of thy
great, thy generous, thy tender soul !

Thou, O MOSES, once boldly pray'd
to see the great JEHOVAH face to face ;
but was conceal'd in the sheltering rock,
while the glory of GOD pass'd by ; yet
from afar beheld the resplendent beauty
of the ETERNAL ; I am more frail than
thee ; yet may the SPIRIT OF TRUTH
overshadow me with his downy wings,
and help my feeble sight, that I may see

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the blessed JESUS struggling in the agonies of his dreadful passion !

Prostrate in the dust of the earth, which trembled with silent terror, lay the gracious MESSIAH, with his guiltless eyes and hands lift up towards Tabor. Seen by no mortal eye, his looks were fix'd on his FATHER's face : distressful thoughts, fill'd with horror, press'd in swift succession on his soul, and his whole frame shook with unutterable agony. His terrors still encreas'd : the anguish of his heavenly mind became more intense ; and instead of sweat, the starting blood trickled from the face of the adoreable, the gracious Sufferer. Then raising his head from the ground, his streaming tears, mix'd with the purple drops, while lifting up his hands and eyes, he thus address'd the SOVEREIGN JUDGE :

O my FATHER ! when this world was form'd, soon dy'd the first of men—soon was each hour mark'd with dying sinners ! Already have ages past blast-

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 27

ed by thy curse. Now is arriv'd the awful time, when by my death I shall purchase immortality for man. When the earth was scarcely form'd, ere the mouldering corse return'd to dust, I chose this hour of suffering, and ardent cry'd, Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God! Now—now is arriv'd the awful time! Hail ye who sleep in God, ye shall awake!—I who form'd the earth was born to die!—to die on its surface!—to die that man might live! But how heavily the lot of mortality hangs upon me! O thou who holdest the sword of justice! let the hours of anguish pass with rapid flight! To thee, O FATHER! every thing is possible—let therefore this bitter cup pass from me!—Yet not my will; but thine be done. My uplifted eyes watch at midnight, and can no longer weep: my trembling arms are stretch'd towards thee for help: but alas! I do not find it—Faint with weeping, I sink to the ground—To my grave!—But I resign

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myself to thy will—thy will, O FATHER ! be done.

Having thus spoke, he lay prostrate on his face in solemn silence, then raising himself up on his trembling arms, look'd forward into the gloom. Here pass'd before him terrifying images of eternal death. He beheld reprobate souls curse the day of their creation. He heard the dismal howls of the deep abyss: the wing'd voice of anguish, like falling cataracts, bellowing loud. Then the voices of mankind sunk in one boundless sigh of deep-rooted despair. JESUS sympathiz'd in their distress, and, fill'd with unutterable compassion, felt their misery.

ADRAMELECH from a barren rock had long view'd the MESSIAH; but now descending, in order to come to him, he, with triumph and exultation saw before him a suicide reeking in his own blood: the accents of whose despair, and the bitter sighs of returning humanity and remorse, echo'd thro'

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 29

all the neighbouring hills. At this spectacle the apostate spirit encreasing in insolence, resolv'd to mock the great MESSIAH. With disdainful pride in his haughty eye, and lost in an ocean of impious thoughts he stood, resolving to give to his infernal ideas a voice like that of the black bursting cloud: but JESUS turning, and casting on him that majestic look of awful dignity with which he will judge the world, the rancorous spirit felt the powerful glance, and trembling sunk abas'd. Bewilder'd amidst a whirl of impetuous crowding thoughts, he stood without thought. All around him was a void: no longer did he see the heavens and the earth; no longer the MESSIAH: himself alone he beheld. At length with difficulty collecting his weaken'd strength, he fled.

The MEDIATOR now leaving the gloomy solitude, walk'd towards his disciples, that after such suffering, such lonely anguish, he might enjoy the human solace of seeing the face of

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man. Silent he drew near, and found them asleep.

The surrounding heavens now rejoic'd, and solemniz'd the second sabbath since the creation ; one still more sacred than the first. At length, the final, the decisive day of judgment being pass'd, the third will arise with unutterable glory, and extend throughout eternity. At its celebration the MESSIAH himself will preside. All knew that the great high-priest was accomplishing the redemption : for thus God had said :

When the thunders shall roll from pole to pole, and the harmony of the spheres be chang'd to the ocean's roar : when ranks of wandering stars, shall tremble through the vast extent of the heavens : when upon you come the terrors of the LORD, and from your heads suddenly fall your golden crowns ; then has the MESSIAH begun his severest sufferings.

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 31

Now sang the heavenly host, Past is the first hour of the exalted sufferings of the great MESSIAH, the REDEEMER of Man! Past is the hour which to the good brings eternal rest.

Meanwhile the MESSIAH stood looking on his disciples, whom he saw fast in the arms of sleep. He considered with complacency the serious air spread over the face of the exalted JAMES. Thus grave and serene sleeps the happy Christian before his death. On the affectionate JOHN reclin'd PETER; but he was not like JOHN, fill'd with smiling tranquility. Over the belov'd disciple, SALEM, one of his guardian angels, still hover'd. JESUS now said, SIMON PETER thou sleepest! what, couldst thou not watch with me one hour? Ah soon will quiet slumbers cease to close those weeping eyes! Watch and pray lest the tempter surprise thee. Thou, indeed art willing; but thine heavenly spirit is press'd down by thine earthly

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frame. JESUS then return'd, and again fell on his face and pray'd.

On the other side of the mountain ABBADONA veil'd in a thick cloud, advanc'd saying to himself; Ah! where shall I at length find the gracious SAVIOUR, the REDEEMER? Alas! I am unworthy to see this best of men. Yet SATAN has seen him!—O thou divine PROPHET! where—oh where shall I seek thee!—where shall I find thee! Thro' ev'ry desert have I rov'd. Every river have I trac'd from its source. In the solitude of every sequester'd grove, my trembling feet have wander'd. To the cedar have I said, Oh tell me—in rustling whispers tell me, dost thou conceal him? To the hanging mountains I cry'd, Bow down your solitary tops at my tears, that I may see the divine JESUS, who, perhaps, sleeps on your summits! I am unworthy to see thy face—ah unworthy am I, O JESUS! to behold thy benignant smiles! Thou only art the SAVIOUR of men!—Me

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 33

thou wilt not save!—Thou hear'st not the plaintive voice of an immortal!—Alas! thou art only the SAVIOUR of men.

He then saw before him the sleeping disciples. Near him lay JOHN, smiling in his placid slumbers. He saw him, and struck with fear, trembling, drew back. Long he paus'd: but at length cry'd, If thou art he whom I seek—If thou art the divine man who came to redeem mankind from sin and misery, with tears—with incessant tears—with everlasting sighs will I hail thee, thou amiable REDEEMER! thy countenance has the lineaments of celestial purity, and the traces of a tender and generous soul. Yes, thou art he!—Thee have I sought—sweet tranquility, the rich reward of virtue, hovers round thee! But I tremble at seeing thy soft repose. Turn—oh turn thy face from me; or I must look aside, and weep.

While ABBADONA thus spake, PETER awaking, call'd out, Ah JOHN! I have seen the MASTER in a dream,

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who looked at me with mingled displeasure and compassion.

This the fallen seraph heard, and stood amaz'd. Now favour'd by the silence of the night, he distinguish'd a mournful voice. Inclining his attentive ear to the place whence it came, he more distinctly heard the soft and doleful accents. He was mov'd, and stood some time irresolute.

Shall I proceed, said he, and view the man who there in sounds of anguish and distress, struggles with death, and the thoughts of judgment? Shall I see the blood of the murder'd, who, perhaps, quietly returning home, through the shades of night, quicken'd his steps, to embrace his affectionate wife, and to caress with parental pleasure his lisping children, hanging about the neck of their mother, when some lurking foe, some barbarian in the dark, bent on murder, gave him a mortal wound! Perhaps his life was crown'd with vir-

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 35

tue, and his deportment adorn'd by wisdom! Ah shall I see him? Shall I see his dying pangs?—his florid cheeks change to deadly paleness? Shall I hear his last groans—his expiring sigh? Ah blood murderously shed! terrific blood of innocence—thou bearest witness against me at that inexorable judgment-seat where the soft voice of mercy is not heard! Unhappy that I am! I was concern'd in seducing the human race—in rendering them subject to death!—The blood!--the innocent blood here shed; and that which through successive ages will flow, is spilt by me. Ah! I hear its frightful voice, rising against me to Heaven, and demanding vengeance--vengeance everlasting on my guilty head! Why did I come to the earth, which on all sides offers to my view the scatter'd bones of the children of ADAM? In vain do I endeavour to turn from them my affrighted eyes. My conscience, fatal attendant! leads me, in sight of my-

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self, to the gloomy tombs, where are laid so many victims which I have contributed to murder! Thou dreadful calm which reignest in the habitations of the dead freezest my heart with fear and horror! Yet he whom I have irritated, comes in silence---Thunders and clouds go before him! The word of his mouth is death! is judgment without mercy!

A prey to these dreadful ideas, he advanced with slow and dilatory step towards the mournful voice. Now he beheld the gracious SAVIOUR who, with his face to the earth, still lay in humble prostration. Seiz'd with fear ABBADONA stepp'd back, and was silently moving round him, when GABRIEL advanced from the thick concealing shade. ABBADONA saw him, and trembling, retir'd. The inhabitant of Heaven now drew near, and bowing his ear over the SAVIOUR, with-held in his wondering eye the starting tear.

Absorb'd in thought he stood, listening
with reverential awe to the MESSIAH,
with an ear which, at the distance of a
thousand times a thousand miles, hears
the songs of the enraptur'd spirits that
surround the throne. He now distin-
guish'd the soft trilling sound of the
flow flowing blood of the trembling
MEDIATOR, as it ran from vein to
vein. Much louder did he hear in his
divine heart the inexpressible, the hea-
vy sighs which swelling with mercy,
and with love to man, were more de-
lightful to the FATHER's ear, than the
song of all the heavenly host. The se-
raph thus discover'd the SAVIOUR's
passion, and folding his hands, with
his eyes lift up to Heaven, rose into
the clouds.

ABBADONA now seeing GABRIEL, and
a multitude of the heavenly host, with
their eyes beaming compassion, in ex-
pressive silence, looking down on the
MESSIAH, remain'd aghast, and trem-
bling, cast on him a look of mingled

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fear and surprise. The SAVIOUR now from the ensanguin'd dust slowly rais'd his face, at which redoubled terror encompass'd the fallen seraph: yet he again recover'd: again gave vent to the new ideas which fill'd his mind. Sometimes he suppress'd his timorous thoughts, and sometimes disturb'd the silence of the night by his sighs and lamentations.

O thou whom I here see struggling with death! cry'd he; by what name shall I call thee? Art thou form'd of the dust? a son of earth, a sinner ripe for judgment, shudders at the last day, and at the opening tomb.—Yes, thou art—but a divine lustre adorns thy human form! Thine eye, from which shines innocence, and truth, and love to GOD and man, bespeaks thee superior to the grave and to corruption! Thy face is not that of a sinner!—not thus looks the wretch rejected of the MOST HIGH! Surely thou art more than man! Me-

thinks I here perceive a mystery deeper than my thoughts can fathom! A bright labyrinth all divine!—Ah! I still discover more!—But, who is he?—O fallen spirit! turn—turn thine eyes away from him.—A sudden thought has darted into my astonish'd mind—A great, a dreadful idea! Alas! an awful resemblance do I perceive—Fly, fly, ye dread surmises!—Stream not around me, ye terrors of eternal death—Ah! I perceive a conceal'd resemblance of the great MESSIAH, who descending in his flaming chariot, rush'd upon us, arm'd with ten thousand thunders, and hurling destruction, drove us before him, vanquish'd and dismay'd. Then immortality became a curse; life eternal, death. Alas! we had before fled from innocence—--from every celestial joy, the lot of the righteous!—--JEHOVAH himself had ceas'd to be our father! Once, while hurl'd headlong through the deep abyss, I turn'd my face, and saw him behind me—

—saw the dreadful SON of GOD!—
 Lightning flash'd from his eyes!—High
 he stood—his chariot then the sable seat
 of judgment—under him was darkness
 and death—Him had the FATHER
 cloath'd with omnipotence!—him, the
 radiant image of his mercy, had he
 arm'd with destruction! At his thun-
 ders, and the force of his avenging arm,
 Nature shudder'd, and all the depths of
 creation trembled! No more did I see
 him—My eye was lost in the palpable
 gloom! Thus confounded, I was car-
 ry'd away through storms and thunder
 —through the howlings of affrighted
 Nature, despairing, tho' immortal!—
 I see him still!—still I see him!—his
 face had something that resembled that
 of this man here bow'd in the dust—
 this more than man!

Here he paus'd, and continu'd for
 some time as if lost in thought; then
 in a low voice cry'd, Ah! is he—is he
 the SON of the ETERNAL?—the MES-
 SIAH?—the dreadful VICTOR?—but

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 41

he suffers !—he is struggling with death !
—boundless is the anguish that shakes
his divine soul !—he laments in the dust !
—his swelling veins, press'd by the an-
guish of his benevolent mind, bedew
his face with blood---To me no misery
is sure unknown, yet I know not how
to name his anguish. Remote in distant
gloom I see new thoughts big with
wonders approach, in mazy labyrinths
involv'd. The SON of the great JEHO-
VAH, the brightness of his FATHER's
glory descends from Heaven ; assumes
the human form ; preaches repentance ;
suffers for man, and, to give life and
immortality to his mortal brethren,
dies !---With what awful reverence the
angels approach ! Even Nature seems
to observe a reverential silence, as if
her CREATOR was present. Oh, if thou
art the dread MESSIAH, the only begot-
ten of the FATHER, I ought to fly,
lest seeing me trembling at thy feet, thy
wrath be kindled, and thou instantly sit
in judgment against me!---But thou

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look'ft not on me!---Yet to thee my thoughts are not unknown.---May I venture to indulge the ideas which now firft begin to arife in my mind?---Of men art thou the SAVIOUR ! and not of the more exalted angels ! O gracious MESSIAH ! hadft thou condefcended to become a feraph ; hadft thou deign'd to enlighten us by thine instructions ; hadft thou for us lain extended in the celeftial plains, as here on earth, and with fupplicating heart, and hands and eyes lift up to the throne of the MAJESTY ON HIGH, how would I then, O thou divine!---how would I then have embrac'd thee ! With what joyful tranfports fhould I have hail'd my SAVIOUR and my LORD ! What rapturous hofannas fhould I fing ! With what ecftafy fhould I join the harmony of the harp to my exelting ftrains!---Ye children of ADAM, the favourites of the MOST HIGH, may the curfe of everlafting fire fall on the heads of thofe who, ungratefully fpurn at his offer'd grace,

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 43

and on each heart insensible to the boundless love of your REDEEMER! Ye tribes of the redeem'd, that shall hereafter resort to him, should you profane the sacred blood which drops from that face, may this blood rise up against you, and ye be esteem'd his cruel murderers!—To you I call, ye apostates from grace—to you who, after having tasted of the heavenly gift, shall draw back to perdition!—when the dreadful gulph of eternity shall first lie before you, and ye are fill'd with the tremendous thought, that you, like us, are cast out from God, the First and the Best of Beings!—then will I, looking thro' gloomy tracts of misery and night, on the new distresses of your immortal souls, cry, Hail torment everlasting! Hail misery without end! This ye have chosen for a shadow! for this ye have resign'd everlasting felicity! let this be your portion, and your reward! Then will I tear myself from the iron arms of Hell, and ascending to

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the throne of the exalted SAVIOUR, with a voice that shall pervade both Heaven and earth, will I cry, Oh! why dost thou, Most gracious redeemer only the repentant finners of the human race, and not the angels! 'Tis true, Hell hates thee—but I, forsaken—I who feel more noble sentiments, do not hate thee.—Too long—alas! too long, have I, weary of my existence, and of a dreadful immortality, pour'd forth lamentations, and tears of blood! ABADONA having thus given a loose to his disturb'd thoughts, hastily ascended into the air and disappear'd.

The MESSIAH now, a second time, arose from the dust, again to behold the face of man; and again the heavenly host rejoic'd and sang, Past is the second hour of the exalted sufferings of the great MESSIAH, the REDEEMER of MAN! Past is the hour which to the good brings eternal rest!

But soon the blessed SAVIOUR left his slumbering disciples, and went a

third time to prostrate himself before the SOVEREIGN JUDGE. Around him the sable curtain of night was spread over the heavens, and he was encompass'd by the deepest gloom. Thus the last night before the day of awful retribution, will be cloath'd in the blackest veil of darkness, hastily bringing on the coming morn. The loud thunder, and the sounding trump will then soon be heard: soon the joining bones and the buzzing field, teeming with resurrection. Then from his exalted throne, the same JESUS, shall call the world to judgment.

The FATHER, now looking down from Tabor, saw the agonies of the MESSIAH. Below, at the foot of the mountain, stood ELOA, silent; his head was invellop'd in clouds, and his pensive looks were directed to the earth. The MOST HIGH now call'd ELOA, who instantly arose in silence thro' the gloom and stood before him. Then to ELOA, the ETERNAL said, Thou

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hast seen the sufferings of the MESSIAH; go sing to him a triumphant song, of the saints, that from his sufferings and death shall be sanctify'd, and rais'd to immortal life; and of the glory with which he shall be crown'd when he shall reign at my right hand.

Trembling, with lowest reverence, the seraph answer'd. But when face to face I behold the great MESSIAH, disfigur'd by his bloody sweat: when I see the benignant smile that adorn'd his countenance, lost in the melancholy traces of his inward anguish; and in his pleasing features distorted by grief, can but obscurely discern his greatness, shall I not be struck speechless? Will not the strong emotions I shall then feel, prevent the harmony of my celestial song? Shall I not be encompass'd by all the SAVIOUR's terrors?

With mild grace, God reply'd, Who rais'd thy flaming courage high above the heavens? From whom hadst thou

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 47

thy triumphant song, when my thunders, cast from the hand of the MESSIAH, pursu'd the chief of the rebel host, and thou thyself rode on the wings of the tempest? Who strengthen'd thine heart and enabled thee to see the death of the first man, and in him the death of all the children of ADAM? Haste, I myself will lead thee, and shouldst thou, at the near view of his sufferings, tremble, he will teach thee to mingle with thy tremulous accents, the pleasing sounds of triumph.

Thus spake the ALMIGHTY. The seraph went forth, Jordan roar'd, and thunder issu'd from Tabor. Slowly he descended from the mount of Olives, when dreadful gusts of midnight winds wafted to him the suppliant sounds utter'd by the great MESSIAH, and a silent tremor seiz'd the astonish'd seraph. But when advancing nearer he observ'd his distressful countenance that shew'd his bitter anguish, he stood depriv'd of all his na-

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tive beauty and heavenly splendor; and seeming no longer an high immortal seraph, he resembled an inhabitant of the earth. Now the SAVIOUR cast on him a look of dignity, mingled with a gracious smile, and with the glance, the seraph's immortal beauty and celestial radiance return'd, when rising in a cloud, skirted with gold, he thus triumphant sung:

Thou, Son of the MOST HIGH, what grateful rapture does a look from thee inspire! I am found worthy to contemplate thine awful, thy divine sensations, and from afar to view the mystery of thine agonies, and thy love to man. Ye devout, ye sacred emotions, continue to transport me beyond the limits of my finite ideas; bear me from this gloom to the divine glory.—Hail almighty FATHER, and thou SON divine!—Thus shall the bless'd children of the resurrection feel sensations new and sublime. As from deep amazement the MEDIATOR has awaken'd me, so,

BOOK V. THE MESSIAH. 49

ye offspring of ADAM, shall he awaken you! This joyful tremor, this rapturous exultation ye also shall feel, when ye, transported, rise to eternal life! Then thou, O holy SAVIOUR of men, who here liest prostrate in the dust, shall sit on thy resplendent throne, and summon the inhabitants to come to judgment! With what effusions of joy will thy faithful servants behold thee on thy judgment seat! With eyes sparkling with rapture, they will view the radiant marks of thy wounds, the memorials of thy love imprinted by thy dying on the cross. Thee, O JESUS! shall they celebrate with ceaseless hallelujahs. They shall transported feel that they are immortal, and shall triumph in the glorious thought, that because thou livest, they shall live also, they shall forever possess thy love, and forever share thy glory!

Thus sang ELOA, while the divine
REDEEMER blest'd the adoring seraph,
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with a look of grace and benignity : then bow'd towards Heaven in tearful silence. Thus the expiring lamb, without blemish, and without spot, wept, while he lay bleeding on the sacred altar. The angels, who with downcast look had view'd the REDEEMER, unable longer to bear the sight of his anguish, withdrew. GABRIEL kept his station, but veil'd his face. ELOA also remain'd; but wrapt his head in a midnight cloud.

The earth stood still. Thrice it shook, as if preparing for its dissolution, and thrice it was restrain'd by the Great JEHOVAH. The SAVIOUR now rising from the ground, the host of Heaven again sang in jubilant strains, Past is the third hour of his exalted sufferings: past is the hour which to the repentant sinner brings everlasting rest. Thus sang the heavenly host, while God ascended to his eternal throne.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF THE
MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The MESSIAH is seiz'd and bound. The assembled priests are fill'd with consternation at being inform'd that the guard were struck dead. Their fears are removed by the arrival of a second and a third messenger. JESUS being taken before ANNAS, PHILO goes thither, and brings him to CAIAPHAS. JOHN expresses the agitations of his mind. PORTIA, PILATE'S wife, comes to see JESUS. The speeches of PHILO and CAIAPHAS, with the evidence given by the suborn'd witnesses. JESUS, on declaring that he is the SON of GOD, is condemn'd. ELOA and GABRIEL discourse on his sufferings. PORTIA deeply affected withdraws, and prays to the chief of the gods. PETER, in deep distress, tells JOHN, that he has deny'd his Master, then leaves him, and deplores his guilt.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK VI.

AS the dying Christian, when approaching death shakes each relaxing nerve, prizes the solemn moments more than he esteem'd whole days before; for then his **ALMIGHTY FATHER** claims his last obedience, the last struggles of his virtue, which flowing from a heart now freed from groveling passions, rises towards the **SOURCE OF PERFECTION**; the soul then plumes her wings, and soars on high, numbering the sacred minutes by fervent prayer; while the all-seeing **GOD** looks down propitious, and angels prepare the immortal crown: so the hours of the great, the

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mythic Sabbath became more solemn, as the gracious, the divine REDEEMER hastened to bleed and die. ELOA, rapt in the contemplation of the great MESSIAH's distress, and the importance of this sacred time, soon unveil'd his face to GABRIEL, and thus address'd his celestial friend.

Didst thou see his sufferings?—Didst thou behold the anguish of his great and benevolent mind? My admiration and surprise, no words in our celestial language can express!—Alas! what has he still to suffer!—On every moment seems to hang an eternity!

Thousands of years, answer'd GABRIEL, have elaps'd since first I strove to learn the future wonders of his love—to obtain some knowledge, though obscure, of the MESSIAH's promis'd grace to man. Yet how have I err'd? Oh let us admire in silence. We are encompass'd by a holy labyrinth of wonders. We see nothing around us but

tombs, and from them shall proceed angels of light. Happy mortals, sweet be your slumbers! Then JESUS—But ah behold! Who is he that advances with wild gesture encompass'd with lights? Who are those wretches who seem sent from the abyss of Hell?—But he who equally created the grains of sand, and the flaming suns—who equally reigns over the worm and the seraph, knows their inmost thoughts, and is fully acquainted with all their vile designs! What do I see? JUDAS at their head! he is their conductor! the traitor will not thus elated walk when the last trump shall call forth the dust from those hills which cover them from the JUDGE!

While he thus spake, the multitude lift up their torches, and sought through the mazy groves. The great EMANUEL perceiv'd them, and sent against them a black cloud which hung over them, spreading terror all around. Damp

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horror seiz'd their minds: but the perfidious JUDAS defying the powerful admonition, and arming himself against the voice of conscience, softly cry'd, Where is he? His favourites say they saw him on Mount Tabor, array'd in celestial splendor; but they shall soon see him in bonds; and all their schemes of grandeur shall vanish—But O my coward heart thou tremblest! Can the coolness and gloom of night shake the courage of a man? Finish thy work, and dare to pursue the road to wealth and happiness. Thus he spake to himself, and hasted forward.

The SAVIOUR seeing them approach, said to himself, Far, very far are the eternal mansions from this abode of sinners. The humble path I now tread leads to the grave, yet will I walk in it. But it will shine refulgent, when the dead shall arise, and the general judgment remove the veil.

JUDAS ISCARIOT led the band. The priests had commanded that he should take armed men and seek for JESUS among the sepulchres. These were order'd to bind him, and to bring him before the council. JUDAS knew the place of solemn prayer, the solitary recess where, during the silence of the night JESUS us'd to pour out his soul to the MOST HIGH, in fervent supplications for man. The ungrateful traitor had said to the band, Whomsoever I kiss, is he: take him, and lead him away. But still the night had mercy on that perfidious disciple, and delay'd his giving the insidious kiss. Yet soon the band with impotent fury advanc'd to the sleeping disciples; when the REDEEMER, moving towards them with awful dignity, said, Whom seek ye? With rage and tumult, waving their flaming lights, they cry'd, JESUS the Nazarene. Now were come the other disciples; and now the angels who had retir'd, again came, and

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fix'd their eyes on the MESSIAH, who, with that divine composure, with which he had commanded the agitated waves to be still, answer'd, I am he. Struck by his voice, they all fell speechless at his feet, and with them JUDAS. Thus lie in the martial field the dead. Thus stretch'd among the slain lies the furious warrior, when the sedate chief, from the quiet centre of the battle, sends around him destruction. But at length they awoke from their trance, and the traitor also arose from the earth. Over him hover'd the angel of death, and he seem'd on the point of being call'd to judgment; but concealing the horrors of his mind, and the rancour of his heart, with an affected air of serene friendship, he went up to the holy JESUS, and crying, Hail MASTER! saluted him. Now had he fill'd up the measure of his guilt, and by the basest and most impious action, had, like an infernal spirit, open'd a way to the deep abyss of terror and dis-

BOOK VI. THE MESSIAH. 59

may. Yet the meek, the humble, the divine JESUS, fill'd with compassion, look'd up to the traitor with an eye of pity, saying, Ah JUDAS! betrayest thou the SON OF MAN with a kiss! Ah unhappy JUDAS! wherefore art thou, come? Then gently resign'd himself up to the multitude.

PETER no sooner beheld this, than his passions being inflam'd, he, with eager impatience, broke through the disciples; drew his sword, and rushing, with an intrepid countenance, on the multitude, struck at the servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear. But the gracious FRIEND of mankind, smiling benignant, instantly heal'd the wound, and then looking on PETER, check'd his ardour, saying, O my disciple! put up thy sword, and be at peace. Knowest thou not, that were I to pray for help to my FATHER, he would send me from Heaven legions of mighty angels? but how then would the Scripture be fulfill'd? Then turn-

ing to the multitude, who rudely bound him, he cry'd, Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves to seize me; as against a vile malefactor, who had escap'd from the hands of Justice? Were not I daily with you teaching in the temple? To you have I taught the way of life: you have I instructed to shun the path of death and of destruction: Ye then laid not your hands upon me. But this is your hour for accomplishing this work of darkness. Here he ceas'd, and now was come to the brook of Cedron.

In the mean time the council of the priests and elders had assembled in the stately palace of CAIAPHAS, and there remain'd agitated on the waves of fluctuating hope and fear. Their inquietude and anxious murmurs did not escape the greedy ears of the alarmed populace, who, fill'd with curiosity, crowded the marble stair-case that led to the council chamber, and fill'd with astonishment, trembling bless'd the HOLY PRO-

BOOK VI. THE MESSIAH. 61

PHEE, or stamping, vented their maledictions. The priests now growing impatient, said to each other, None of our messengers is return'd. What can detain them? What means this delay? He who has betray'd his master, has, perhaps, also betray'd us. Or, the Nazarene, according to his frequent practice, has, by some illusion, escap'd.

Thus were they discoursing, when one of their messengers hastily enter'd the hall, with his hair erect, and a cold sweat covering his pallid countenance, which was distorted by fear and terror. For some time he stood speechless, while all beheld him with looks of astonishment; but at length recovering, he cry'd in a trembling voice, Ye priests and rabbies, we went according to your orders, and at last found JESUS of Nazareth beyond the brook, not far from the sepulchres. The sepulchres fill'd with horror did not affright us: but the sky was hung with blacker clouds than ever the eyes of man beheld! Yet the

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ing to the multitude, who rudely bound him, he cry'd, Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves to seize me; as against a vile malefactor, who had escap'd from the hands of Justice? Were not I daily with you teaching in the temple? To you have I taught the way of life: you have I instructed to shun the path of death and of destruction: Ye then laid not your hands upon me. But this is your hour for accomplishing this work of darkness. Here he ceas'd, and now was come to the brook of Cedron.

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band march'd forward, while I stood at a distance. Soon I saw the prophet. Then was I seiz'd—I know not how it was;—but then was I seiz'd with a shivering, that shook my whole frame!—Yet tho' they stood so near, they did not know him; but rush'd on those that were about him. He then cry'd with a firm voice, Whom do ye seek? Our men, still undaunted, call'd out JESUS the Nazarene. Then—methinks I hear him still!—All my joints tremble!—He answer'd, as with the voice of Death, I am he! No sooner had he spoke the words, then they all fell on their faces!—They now lie dead, and I only have escap'd to bring the dreadful news.

The priests at hearing these words, chang'd colour, and remain'd as motionless as the rocks. PHILO, the harden'd PHILO, was alone able to speak, and his rage overcoming his fear, he cry'd with a furious voice, Thou, wretch, art either one of his disciples,

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or art affrighted by the phantoms of the night. The open sepulchres made thee giddy, and fill'd thee with the thoughts of death. Fancy represented to thee the dead. The men we sent live; they would not fall down at his words.

While he yet spake, another messenger enter'd, and cry'd, Ye priests and fathers, much have we suffer'd. Before him have we sunk to the earth: for his look was dreadful, and death was in the words of his mouth. But yet we have taken and bound him. He himself held out his hands and suffer'd us to bind them. We took him, trembling, lest we should again hear the powerful, the fatal words. But now he comes along, with silent patience, and has already enter'd the walls of Jerusalem.

Scarce had he finish'd, when a third messenger enter'd, whose looks of joy shew'd that he brought welcome tidings to the enemies of heavenly grace and spotless virtue. Bowing he spoke, and,

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in glad accents cry'd, Blessed be you,
ye priests of the living God, and ye ve-
nerable fathers ! may all who rise a-
gainst you, and all the enemies of the
LORD, be destroy'd like this Galilean !
We are bringing him bound with bonds,
which neither his words nor smiling
countenance will be able to unloose.
All his followers have left him, and he
is now near the palace. May God give
you his blood !

He had no sooner concluded, than
SATAN enter'd the assembly, and with
him an infernal joy that fascinated the
priests, causing to hover before their
eyes the appearance of the streaming
blood of the Victim, and the paleness of
his approaching death ; while their ears
were struck with the voice of his tor-
ments. They then imagin'd his lips clos'd
in everlasting silence, while over his
bones pass'd the feet of the saints. Long
did they remain under this delirium :
but JESUS not appearing, their fears and
rage at length return'd. They then

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sent other messengers, and with them went PHILO.

The guard had stopp'd by the way, and taken JESUS to ANNAS, one of the chief priests; for, while the heavy vapours of the night were falling, the hoary priest had left his bed to see the man who, he imagin'd, had spread confusion through Judea. JOHN follow'd at a distance. Genial sleep had now fled from his eyes, and melancholy sat on his faded cheek. At length, recollecting that this priest was void of that rancour which corroded the heart of CAIAPHAS, he suppress'd his timorous dejection, and entering the hall, saw his belov'd LORD standing as a criminal before ANNAS, who thus spake:

Thou art to be try'd by CAIAPHAS. If thou art innocent, as the great works thou hast done have spread abroad thy fame, not only the nations of the earth, but the GOD of ABRAHAM, and his children, will protect thee! Say then, what hast thou taught? Who were

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thy disciples? Didst thou teach the laws of MOSES?—Didst thou—did thy disciples observe them?

ANNAS now paus'd; he wonder'd at the prophet-like mien with which JESUS stood before him! and admir'd his compos'd dignity, undebas'd by pride. The great EMANUEL condescended thus to answer. Freely I taught in the synagogues and in the temple; whither the Jews always resort. Why then askest thou me? ask them who heard me.

While he thus spake, PHILO rush'd in. The assembly was instantly in a tumult. Then an officer who had the soul of a slave, committed against the gracious SAVIOUR, an action of such mean inhumanity, that it was thought worthy of being foretold by the prophets. PHILO, with imperious voice, now cry'd, Away with this seditious fellow, that he may receive sentence of death; on which the guard of the blest'd REDEEMER again seiz'd him, and, unresisted, took him thence.

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JOHN no sooner saw the MESSIAH in PHILO'S power, than his face became overspread with a mortal paleness; his eyes were dim'd; he trembled, and grief took possession of his heart. At last, with unsteady step, leaving the palace, he beheld, at a distance, the moving torches. I will follow—No—I dare not now follow thee, cry'd he; yet I entreat thee, O thou best of men! that if GOD has decreed that they shall be suffer'd to put thee to death, I who have lov'd thee, and still love thee, with an affection that exceeds that of a brother, may be permitted to die with thee! that I may not see thee struggling in the agonies of death, nor hear the last—last blessing proceed from thy faltering lips!—Is there no deliverer?—no deliverer upon earth?—none in Heaven? Do ye too sleep, ye angels, who sang, when his exulting mother brought him forth? Alas! when your hosannas resounded in her ears, little did she think of his terrible death!—There is no

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other deliverer, but thee alone, O God!
the deliverer of the living and the dead!
O thou omnipotent FATHER of man-
kind, have mercy on me, and let him
not die!—Let not him die, who is the
most holy of all the children of ADAM!
—O thou SOURCE OF MERCY! give
these murderers—these cruel murderers,
a heart! fill their souls with the gentle
feelings of humanity!—Ah! I no lon-
ger see him! the moving lights disap-
pear!—Now—now—they sentence him
to die!—May their cruel souls melt, O
JESUS, at beholding thy suffering vir-
tue!—But who is this roving in the
dark! Is it not PETER? He has, per-
haps, heard our dear MASTER con-
demn'd to suffer death.---How hastily
he walks!---Now he stands still---I no
longer hear his footsteps.--How solitary
is this place!---How silent this dreadful
night!---Ah! this silence is fled.--What
tumultuous noise is that?--Perhaps they
are hastily, under the cover of the night,
dragging him to death, lest the compas-

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sion of the people should deliver him
---lest the melting stones, or their weeping
swords should see his death; and
that the angels alone may behold his
blood!---Ah! have pity!---have pity
on him---Have pity on me! and, O
thou FATHER OF MERCIES, who hast
compassion on all thy works, let him
not die!

Thus, in broken sentences, inter-
mix'd with sighs, he, weeping, gave
vent to his thoughts, while he slowly
mov'd to the high priest's palace, and
there continued standing without in the
dark.

PHILO, the furious leader of the
brutal troop that guarded JESUS,
hastened before them to the council,
where they perceiv'd by his triumphant
look, his lofty deportment, and flaming
eyes, that he who had heal'd the sick,
and rais'd the dead, was safe in custody,
and near the palace. Before they had
time to applaud PHILO's active zeal,
the MESSIAH was brought in; and

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seeing him entering, they trembled with mingled rage and joy. With a serene countenance he ascended the steps, and stood before the judgment seat. All dignity, even the dignity of a mortal prophet, had he now laid aside, and appear'd as tranquil as if only viewing the fall of some murmuring stream; or, as if his mind, after being long elevated with the sublimity of divine converse, was now relax'd, while he indulg'd a short interval of pleasing and familiar contemplations. He retain'd only some traces of his heaven-born excellence; but these were such as no angel could assume, and none but those celestial spirits fully discover. PHILO and CAIAPHAS, fill'd with rancour, had their eyes rivetted to the floor. The seat of judgment gave the latter the privilege of speaking first, and the former, from pride, envy and jealousy, was ready to assume the same privilege: yet both continu'd silent.

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On the side of the palace, where a few lonely lamps presented a dim light, was a circular staircase that led to a gallery in the judgment hall, where leaning on a marble balustrade, PORTIA, the wife of PILATE, stood among other women, in the bloom of beauty. Her person alone was young, for her mind was adorn'd with the wisdom of riper age. In her the fair blossoms blow'd, and produc'd fruit, as in the mother of the GRACCHI, to enrich the degenerate Romans. Prompted by the desire of seeing the great Prophet, PORTIA had hasten'd thither, with a few attendants; for the ostentation of grandeur, and every idea of superiority, she had laid aside. Eternal Providence had directed her steps; and while the rancorous hatred of the priests fill'd her gentle mind with all the vehemence of indignation; she, with admiration and earnest solicitude, saw him who had rais'd the dead stand with calm composure, before his persecutors. With different passions

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was he view'd by PHILO, and thus spake the hypocrite :

Bring him nearer, and bind him faster. But before we begin his trial, let us lift up holy hands to GOD, and praise him, for having, at length pronounc'd his sentence, and his no longer proving us, by keeping silence. Here he lift up his hands, and added; O JEHOVAH! hear the prayer of thy people. Thus may all perish who rise up against thee; may their name, and the place of their abode be forgotten! May they never be remember'd, except where the bones of the dead lie scatter'd, and where the hills have drunk the blood of those who rebel against thee! Yes, we will praise thee! we will praise thee! we will encompass thine altars, rejoicing, and Israel shall be a song of triumph! The sinner shall bleed; for hitherto Judah hath shut his eyes, and yet did see: hath stopp'd his ears, and yet did hear: but at length the wild illusion is vanish'd; and we behold him bound who

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pretended to have been before ABRAHAM. Often, indeed, have the people with manly resolution, pluck'd off the galling shackles of error, and taken up stones to slay the Blasphemer ! Yet again they suffer'd themselves to be deceiv'd.—But, O thou Impostor ! this day is the period of their blindness, and of thy deceit ! Tho' the people here present are but few in number, yet among these, many will, at our call, witness against thee. The high priest will summon them forth. Meanwhile I charge thee, and call all Judea to witness the truth of the accusation—I charge thee with blasphemy and sedition. Thou who hast cry'd in a manner, hast made thyself a God : hast pretended to forgive sins, and to raise the dead : but thy mother and thy kindred shall soon see thee expire. Then awake thyself ! Thou shalt not enjoy such soft slumbers as those thou hast rais'd. Thou shalt lie down with the slain, whom GOD has rejected. There sleep—there

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feel the iron sleep of death, where the revolving sun, and the wandering moon shall drink up corrupted fumes, till Death is satiated, and Golgotha becomes white with human bones. Thus—thus may'st thou lie, and if there be a greater, a more horrid curse, streaming with seven-fold imprecations, which midnight hears, and the howling graves join in uttering, may it alight. — Here the bloated lips of the Blasphemer were instantly stiffen'd, and his distorted visage overspread with the paleness of death. In the moment when he began to denounce his dreadful curses, his conscience, in vain, smote him, for having no fear of the ALMIGHTY; and now an angel of death, invisible to all besides, with a look of terror, stood before him, and thus address'd the harden'd sinner.

The curses that proceed from thy mouth, O thou most execrable hypocrite! shall fall on thyself. The dark, the bloody hour of thy dissolution approaches with rapid wing. Soon will it

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come, O thou most flagitious hypocrite !
Soon wilt thou suffer a death as dreadful as ever mortal dy'd, without the least mercy, the least token of relenting favour from thy CREATOR and thy JUDGE. When midnight surrounds thee, when death walks in the blackest gloom, when the king of terrors has struck the important blow, and thy struggling spirit, fill'd with horror, takes its flight ; then, in the valley of Ben-hinnon, shalt thou see my face.

Thus spake the angel of death, in whose lowring front were gather'd clouds of wrath. From his lofty glaring eye flash'd revenge. He stood like a towering rock, and, on his shoulders fell his hair, black as the shades of night. Yet did not the destroyer smite him : but he encompass'd him with his terrors, and made the accents of death roar around him. PHILO, as much as mortal can, experienc'd the horrors of the damn'd ; horrors rushing upon his soul with instantaneous and

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overwhelming rapidity. He was struck with sad dismay: his strength fail'd him: he was visibly seiz'd with an universal trembling. Still the terrors of God ran through the very marrow in his bones: but as a worm, crush'd by the foot of the passenger, curls writhing upwards its convuls'd frame, and rears aloft its head: thus, with distorted efforts, he at length, after a long pause, struggling strove to proceed; but only added, What I, overpower'd by the offender's guilt, cover with silence, the issue will unfold. Thou high priest make haste to try him. He ceas'd, stiffen'd by fear, and unable farther to vent his rage.

A profound silence now reign'd throughout the assembly. PORTIA had examin'd JESUS, and was struck at the noble serenity of his countenance during the impious, the inhuman speech of his inveterate foe; her eye beam'd with pity, her heart beat with redoubled strength, and sublime ideas fill'd her mind. Her eager looks now rang'd over the whole assembly, to see if she could find no ge-

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nerous and noble soul, who, like her, admir'd the PROPHEt. But she sought in vain, goodness of heart was not to be found among a people ripe for destruction, who were soon to see in flaming ruins their boasted temple, where JEHOVAH now no longer dwelt. One, however, she observ'd warming himself at a fire in the outer room with the crowd, who with fierce looks seem'd to reproach him; when turning pale, he with confusion look'd wildly round, and then fix'd his eyes on JESUS. Ah! said she to herself, that is surely the PROPHEt's friend, he wishes his deliverance: he, perhaps, seeks to deliver him, and fain would he teach the rude populace to walk in the fair path mark'd out by this wise man; like him to live a life of sobriety and the purest virtue; like him to be the tender friend of the human race, and, without ostentation, to delight in doing good. But they, void of understanding, threaten to drag him also before the priests and elders.

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This strikes him with terror : he trembles, and wanting the firmness of this good PROPHET, shrinks at the menaces of death. Perhaps the afflicted mother of the much injur'd JESUS, suffus'd in tears, besought him to go and save from death the dearest, the best of Sons. Oh with what pain, with what agony of grief would his amiable, his blessed mother have been fill'd, had she been here, and heard the rancorous speech of that odious Pharisee ! — But why — oh why do I feel this deep concern for this unknown mother ? — — Why is my heart fill'd with these strange emotions for a man whose person I never before have seen, tho' often have I heard of his virtues ? Do I wish to have brought forth one who has so noble a mind, and to have given him as a blessing to the world ? — O thou mother ! — thou happy mother ! pride thyself in him, and may thy life flow serene ! — May thine eye not see him expire ! Yet his death will afford an instructive lesson to the world.

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Now the high-priest, rising from his seat, cry'd, Tho' all Judea feels the burthen which the man before us has laid on every shoulder, and the whole world too well knows that he has impiously rebell'd against the Great JEHOVAH, who has display'd his terrors on Mount Moriah ! that he has rebell'd against the priests of the MOST HIGH GOD ; and against the great CÆSAR : though not CAIAPHAS alone, but all Judea, demand that sentence should be pass'd against him, and that death should strike the blow, yet will we examine witnesses, and hear his defence. 'Tis true, Israel is not now assembled, and most of the witnesses are involv'd in the shades of night—O ye devout people who now sleep, soon will ye awake to purer festivals than those in which the traitor join'd !—for among the few who are here, witnesses will not be wanting. Let him who works righteousness and loves his country, stand forth, and declare the truth.

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Thus spake CAIAPHAS. Then came forth witnesses false and corrupt. They had receiv'd the hire of iniquity, and PHILO, with most industrious care had busily employ'd himself in filling their narrow grovelling minds with calumny and the basest malice. One with an inflam'd look, leering on the MESSIAH, cry'd:

How he profan'd the temple we all know: but in no instance did he violate that sacred place with greater impiety, than when he drove away those worthy persons, the dealers in offerings. We were assembled to pray, when coming with fury he turn'd the sellers of the beasts for the sacrifices, out of the holy portico. What veneration can he have for the ETERNAL, who was guilty of such violence in his temple, as to drive away the offerings by which God is honour'd?

After him appear'd another, who with equal folly and malice misrepresented the divine zeal of the blessed

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JESUS: falsely adding, that he would have taken possession of the temple, and from thence have fallen on Jerusalem; but that his followers, who, with repeated shouts, had in the wilderness hail'd him king, here prov'd false, and oblig'd him to fly.

Then arose a Levite, who with a contemptuous air, cry'd, Has he not blasphem'd the MOST HIGH by his enormous pride, in pretending that he had the power to forgive sins? On the holy Sabbath, he conniv'd at his disciples, when they, regardless of the sacred day, pluck'd ears of standing corn! On the holy Sabbath too he restor'd the wither'd hand! and yet this profane offender, who thus breaks the commandments which the MOST HIGH deliver'd to MOSES on mount Sinai, pretends to forgive sins.

Now spake the fourth. With a contemptuous smile he arose, and in the voice of ridicule, said, I too must give witness: but what need is there, O

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fathers, of witness against one who, giddy with his vain enterprizes, builds on the most romantic dreams? He has said, and people no wiser than himself star'd and wonder'd.—He has said, I say, that he would destroy the temple, and within three days a new one should arise from the dust, built by himself. This before me, he presum'd to utter.

A man whose hair was whiten'd by time, then disgrac'd his hoary locks by his puerile sentiments. This sinner, said he, keeps company with publicans. I myself was one of that number, and maintain, that from them he has learnt to despise Moses, and to heal diseases on the Sabbath.

Thus they witness'd, while looks of expectation were darted on all sides on JESUS, each impatient to hear his defence. So around the dying Christian, whose mind is fill'd with rapturous hopes and dawning joys, stands a crowd of base mockers whispering, The animating dream of immortal life will,

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like himself, soon disappear. Yet still he enjoys the reviving prospect of endless bliss; prays for himself and for them, and smiles at the grave. Thus the expecting crowd gaz'd on JESUS. But silent was the PRINCE OF PEACE. On which CAIAPHAS, prompted by impetuous rage, cry'd:

Thou sinner, hear'st thou in silence what these witness against thee? But the MESSIAH still continu'd to hold his peace; on which the haughty pontiff, still more exasperated, raising his voice, cry'd, Speak: I conjure thee by the living GOD, to answer, whether thou be CHRIST, the only begotten SON of the FATHER? JESUS reply'd, Thou hast said it. CAIAPHAS now stood up: his eyes flaming destruction. SATAN join'd in the same look, while ABADDON, the angel of death, who attended PHILLO, thus indulg'd his rapid thoughts:

Were he to esteem these murderers worthy of an answer, it would be that of mercy. But the anger of the MOST HIGH is kindled, and the wicked and

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impenitent will be reserv'd for judgment: The last day will at length arrive, Thou great and terrible day of the LORD, wilt arise in all thy dreadful lustre; then will I salute thee, thou day of retribution, as the fairest of all the sons of Eternity; for then the balance of Justice shall be held forth, and every man be judg'd according to his works. I will hail thee, O festive day! when the righteous shall triumph, and with palms in their hands shall encompass the now persecuted and insulted MESSIAH; while these earth-born rebels against the ETERNAL will be involv'd in woe, and cast from the presence of the LORD, and the glory of his power. I will therefore veil myself, and be silent: but my silence is the forerunner of death and vengeance.

In an instant these thoughts pass'd thro' the angel's mind. He then fix'd his eyes on CAIAPHAS, who had condemn'd the MESSIAH before he spake. Mean while the SAVIOUR lift up his eyes to

Heaven, and then fixing them on the high-priest's face, cry'd, I say unto thee, hereafter ye shall see the SON OF MAN sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of Heaven.

Thus shall Jesus open the last day, when he shall come in tremendous glory, descending amidst the songs of angels, and their sounding harps. Here the SAVIOUR open'd a sudden view of futurity, and with no less rapidity, from the amaz'd eye, clos'd the tremendous scene.

CAIAPHAS, now impell'd by a torrent of rage, observ'd no measures, but stepping forth impetuous, with death lowring on his brow, rent his garment, and rolling his fiery eyes, call'd out to the mute assembly, Speak, ye have heard his blasphemies! What need have we of farther witnesses? You have heard what he says. Speak; What think ye? Then all cry'd out, Let him die! Let him die!—Yes, let him die! rejoin'd PHILO, swelling with rage; I must give vent to the fullness of my heart: Let him die the accursed death of the cross! a sharp and

lingering death ! Let his mouldering bones receive no sepulture ! Let his corpse putrify in the parching sun ! and on the day when God shall call forth the dead, may he continue deaf, and not hear the divine voice. Here he ceas'd, and the multitude in wild confusion, rush'd on the holy JESUS.——

O sacred muse of Sion's hill ! lend me the veil with which thou coverest thy face, when singing thy orisons before the ETERNAL : that I like the blessed spirits on high, with humble reverence, may cover mine eyes, adoring. GABRIEL and ELOA now standing apart and unseen, thus discours'd :

O ELOA, how deep are the mysteries of the MOST HIGH ! How inscrutable are his ways ! Nothing have I seen that equals the deep humiliation of the SON—of him who shone with such resplendent glory !—of him who on high subdu'd the rebel host !—of him before whom the bodies of the dead, shaken by his creative voice, shall, at his call, awake, and the earth suffer, as in the throws

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of child-birth, when he, attended by the loud resounding trump, the angels of death, and the falling stars, shall come to judgment.

Behold, cry'd ELOA, at the formation of this terrestrial globe, he spake, and the light diffus'd abroad its enlivening rays. A storm, replete with animating life, rush'd before him; and a thousand times a thousand living beings assembled on his right hand. At his command the sun, glowing with invigorating and reviving light, turn'd on its center. Then arose the harmony of the spheres! then he created the visible heavens!

Behold, at his command, reply'd GABRIEL, eternal night fled and skulk'd at a distance from the wide creation! ELOA, thou wast by when he stood over the dark abyfs: when at his call appear'd an enormous mass inert and deform'd: it spread before him like broken suns, or the ruins of an hundred worlds. He bid it glow, and then thro' the regions of death arose the blue sulphureous blaze! Then was torture known; then did the yells of an-

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guish reverberate through the deep profound.

Thus discours'd these great celestial spirits. Mean while PORTIA, unable longer to bear the insults offer'd to the divine JESUS, went up to the top of the palace; where, having for some time silently indulg'd her tears, she lift up her watry eyes, and her fair hands towards the lowering sky, and thus gave vent to the painful sensations of her troubled mind: O thou First of Beings, who createdst the world from chaos, and gavest to man a heart form'd to feel the mild sensations of humanity! whatever be thy name, GOD! JUPITER! or JEHOVAH! the GOD of ROMULUS, or of ABRAHAM!—O thou FATHER and JUDGE of all, may I presume to pour out my lamentations before thee! What offence has this peaceable, this righteous man committed, that he should be inhumanly put to death? Dost thou, with delight look down from high Olympus on suffering virtue? To man indeed it affords an awful ad-

miration, a wonder mix'd with terror :
 but canst thou who hast form'd the stars,
 be fill'd with wonder ? No—in thee
 amazement has no place ! More sub-
 lime are the sensations of the God of
 gods ! Surely thy divine eyes cannot,
 without pity, behold the guiltless suf-
 fer ? nor wilt thou fail to reward him,
 who, thus calmly resign'd, offers up
 himself a sacrifice to virtue, and to
 thee ! as for me, compassion flows
 down my cheeks. But thou, where
 there is no trembling tear, canst discern
 the hidden anguish of suffering virtue.
 O thou FATHER of gods and men, re-
 ward, and behold, if possible, this
 righteous man with admiration !

As she now stoop'd over the balustrade
 that encompass'd the flat roof of the pa-
 lace, she heard below, mournful ac-
 cents, that seem'd to proceed from a
 person in despair. These sounds of
 grief were utter'd by PETER. JOHN
 who had continu'd standing at the door,
 hearing PETER's groans, and the plain-
 tive broken accents that burst from him,

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with tender pity cry'd, Ah ! PETER, is he yet living ? Thou weep'st !—thou art silent !—JOHN ! return'd PETER, leave me—leave me to die alone !—I cannot survive my guilt ! Our gracious MASTER is lost ! But more lost am I ! —O JUDAS ! JUDAS ! thou execrable disciple, hast betray'd him !—I too have been false ; before all who have ask'd me, I, miserable that I am, have deny'd him ! Fly from me, JOHN, and leave me to die in silence. Do thou—do thou also die—JESUS is sentenc'd to suffer death ; and I like a base, a pusillanimous wretch, have publicly before sinners, deny'd him !

Thus PETER, in the agony of his grief, confess'd his guilt to JOHN, who, struck with surprise and concern, continu'd silent. The repentant disciple then hasted from him, and stood in the dark, by the dew besprinkled corner stone of that spacious building, against which faintly leaning, he sunk down, and declining upon it his drooping head, long wept in silence. But at last in bro-

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ken sentences, thus express'd the emotions of his agitated mind. O Death! let thy hideous form now forever cease to affright me!—Turn, O JESUS! turn away that tender, that killing look!—Ah! I, ungrateful! have committed the foulest, the blackest deed! I, like a base coward, have deny'd thee, my FRIEND! my gracious MASTER!—thee whom I lov'd—thee who lovedst me with an affection superior to that of the kindest friend!—thee whose godlike virtues, whose benevolence, whose piety, more than thy miracles, render thee all divine! O my grovelling timorous soul, what hast thou done?—in the great day of retribution, my dear LORD will disown me!—disown me before his faithful disciples, and all the holy angels!—This—this I deserve. Yet, O JESUS, whom I still love! compassionate my anguish, and let me not hear the dreadful words, Depart from me, I know thee not!—O horrid—horrid thought! Alas! alas! what have I done? The more I think of my crime,

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the deeper I feel its envenom'd sting !
Thus with conscious shame, and deep
remorse, shall I languish out my
wretched life, and lingering die !

Here he ceas'd, and silent indulg'd
his tears. Near him stood ORION, his
guardian angel, who with soft pity, and
seraphic joy, observ'd his penitential
sorrow. PETER now falling on his
bended knees, cast up his tearful eyes
towards Heaven, and, in a low voice
cry'd, Thou awful JUDGE SUPREME,
the FATHER of men and angels, and
of my LORD, thy blessed SON ! Oh pity
—pity my distress ! Thou know'st the
anguish of this contrite heart ! I have
deny'd — basely deny'd JESUS, my
LORD ! my gracious MASTER ! and my
FRIEND ! Yet extend thy mercy to me,
ungrateful ! Forgive, forgive this soul,
so dastardly, and so vile. He will die !
Unworthy am I to die with my dear
LORD—But before he bows his head to
the grave -- before he gives his last blef-
sing to his faithful disciples, may I once
more see him cast a gracious look on

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me, and may his dying eyes chear me with forgiveness! To thee, O JESUS! would I then sue for pardon, and not for a blessing. I would entreat thee to let me hear from thy lips that thou forgiveest me: for my guilt will not permit me to say, My LORD, hast thou but one blessing, and that confin'd to these thy righteous, thy faithful disciples!—Then if by my tears, my humble sorrow, my deep contrition, I prevail on thee to let me hear that I have obtain'd forgiveness, I will go, and before the whole world acknowledge thee as my LORD—While it is thy will, O my adoreable CREATOR, that I should live among men, it shall be my sweetest employment to seek out the good, the pious, the pure of heart, to whom, with incessant grief and tears, will I say, Yes, I knew JESUS, the most holy, the dearest, the best of men, the SON of the MOST HIGH GOD! Yet was I unworthy to know him!—I was one of his chosen disciples!—He lov'd us all—he lov'd me—yet I, unworthy,

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did not return his love! for in the hour of his distress, my courage fail'd, and I no longer lov'd the most holy of men, the best, the most divine! His kind, his generous heart overflow'd with benevolence; he liv'd for others, and not to himself. He fed the poor: he heal'd the sick: he rais'd the dead to life. Hence he was hated!—hence he was murder'd by wretches dead to humanity! I will teach you the words of wisdom that fell from his gracious lips. But first, arise, ye men, and come away, let us go to his grave, and weep!—Ah! his grave! how dreadful the thought!—O JESUS! thou divine JESUS! Where wilt thou rest in peace?—Where will the rage of the cruel leave thee a grave?

Thus with deep anguish, and humble fervor, PETER deplor'd his ingratitude to him, whom the sinners of the earth, in their words acknowledge, and in their actions deny: but he wept, and obtain'd the martyr's crown.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK

THE
SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE
MESSIAH.

M E S S I A H.

THE ARGUMENT.

ELOA welcomes the returning morn with an hymn. The MESSIAH is led to PILATE, and accused by CAIAPHAS and PHILO. The dreadful despair and death of JUDAS. MARY comes, sees her divine SON standing before the Roman governor, and, fill'd with grief, applies to PORTIA, who comforts her, and tells her dream. The MESSIAH is sent to HEROD, who expecting to see him work a miracle is disappointed: when CAIAPHAS observing his dissatisfaction, accuses JESUS, who, after being treated with derision, is sent back to PILATE. That governor endeavours to save him; but is prevailed on to release BARABBAS, and condemn JESUS. He is scourged, arrayed in a purple robe, and crowned with thorns, and in this condition PILATE shews him to the people to excite their compassion, but finding all in vain, he delivers him to the priests, who cause him to be led to crucifixion,

T H E
M E S S I A H.
B O O K VII.

ELOA now stood amidst the purple
blushes of the opening morn, encom-
pass'd by the guardians of the earth, and in
slow and solemn strains join'd his lyre to
his melodious voice.

To thee, Eternity, is born this awful
day—this day of blood! It hastes to ap-
pear. It rises in the Heavens replete with
mercy, and with grace divine. Hail, all
gracious FATHER! who gavest thy Son
to die for man! and from blackest guilt
bring'st forth smiling peace and immor-
tality. Hail, SAVIOUR, meek and holy!
This awful day shall shew thy love to
man, while all the wondering host above,
enraptur'd shall admire thy condescen-
tion, and extol thy divine philanthropy

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and grace. Ye cherubim and seraphim tune your golden harps, and chant His praise, who now will bleed and die, that man may live. Thou now shalt bruise the serpent's head, and break the sting of death. From the earth shall angels rise; and quitting their mortal clay, appear in radiant forms; while eternal Rest shall close the train of thine exalted triumphs.

Hail blessed day, replete with mercy, and with grace divine! Behold the sun now begins to smile with more refulgent lustre on this earthly globe. See how his slanting rays dart along the nether sky! Hail day of sacred rest, and solemn joy in Heaven, in which the seraphs lay their crowns before the eternal throne adoring. Let all the wide creation join to praise the suffering JESUS, and suns and worlds innumerable admire and celebrate his mercy, and his love divine.

Thus sang ELOA, while his sacred hymn resounded through the heavens. Now had the high-priest assembled his creatures in the inner hall, where sitting in council, they conspir'd against the holy JESUS

There, in deep consultation, they debated on the methods by which they might bring over PILATE to join their bloody purpose; on the measures to be taken with the multitude; and on the manner in which the SAVIOUR should die. But the proud PHILO despising them too much to attend to their advice, abruptly left the assembly, and sought the MESSIAH, whom he found sitting with the guard at the declining fire. Before him, with menacing port, and quick step, he walk'd to and fro: till, at length, he fix'd his threatening eye; gleaming with revengeful fury on JESUS. He then stood still: but amidst all the ebullitions of rage he foresaw, with fluttering anxiety, a train of difficulties that oppos'd his design: these he provided against, by placing before his mind every expedient which eloquence, the authority of the priests, or any external object might afford: leaving nothing to chance. At length, recollecting that JESUS might be rescu'd by the furious populace, his heart began to fail; but checking

his fears, and summoning all his courage, he resolv'd to put him to death, or to perish in the attempt. Then considering that the time for executing his fell purpose was now arriv'd, his heart again flutter'd; but he soon suppress'd the tumult within, and now full of his resolutions, the slight airy web prepar'd by vain precautions, he return'd to the council; where he instantly cry'd, with a loud voice, Still, fathers do you delay! Does not the dawn already appear?—Shall he yet live till the evening?

Rouz'd at PHILO's words, the council suddenly broke up; and the guard rudely laying their hands on the blessed JESUS, they with a formidable body of the priests, scribes, and elders, led him to PILATE. Cold was the breath of the morning; and the glimmering light of the rising day now unveil'd to JESUS the temple, which was only for a few hours to prefigure a nobler sacrifice, then was ever offer'd on its smoking altars. From that structure he turn'd his eyes to Heaven. He was hurry'd along, and early as it was, was soon attended by a numerous multitude: for

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report had not conceal'd the transactions of the night. Messengers were dispatch'd to inform PILATE of their coming, and they had scarcely arriv'd, when that governor, to his great surprise, beheld all the tribe of Judah appear before him, only to bring a dubious charge against a single man. Having press'd up the ample staircase, which led to the judgment hall, they stopp'd in an open gallery before it, call'd Gabbatha, where PILATE had caus'd his seat to be plac'd : for the approaching festival did not permit their entering the court of justice. There, in superb state, sat PILATE on the seat of judgment, who immediately cry'd, Of what does the elders of Israel accuse the prisoner ? and—How ! added he, interrupting himself, do I see CAIAPHAS himself here ? This he spake aloud, with his eyes fix'd more on JESUS than on the assembly. The high-priest then advancing nearer, said : We flatter ourselves, that PILATE hath such an opinion of the fathers of Israel as to be persuad'd that they would not have brought

this man before him, were he not a criminal. Yes, PILATE, he is a criminal, and his crime greater than has ever been committed since Israel has enjoy'd the happiness of being under thy government. With such indignation has his guilt fill'd the fathers of Judea, that they are unable to represent before thee, in a clear light, the impious opposition this JESUS has made against the laws of our prophet, and the holy temple! or how the sorcerer, by his fascinating speeches, and a thousand pretended miracles, has seduc'd the people! Long, very long, O PILATE! has he deserv'd death. —

Here PILATE interrupting him, cry'd
Then take him, and judge him according
to your law. Why, O Roman! refus'd
the high-priest, dost thou mock us? Thou
canst not but know, that it is not lawful
for us to put any man to death. Here he
paus'd, vex'd that PILATE should oblige
them to recollect their lost freedom: but
soon continu'd, Thou know'st what sub-
mission, what unreserv'd obedience and un-
shaken fidelity we have shewn to TIBE-

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RIOUS, our sovereign, and the father of his country. This JESUS, whom thou seest before thee, has assembled the people in the wildernesses of Judea, where, by his factious speeches, he hath incited them to shake off their subjection to CÆSAR, and to make him king. He pretended to be the person foretold by the prophets as the deliverer of Judah. He search'd into their inmost thoughts, learnt their sentiments, sympathiz'd in their concerns, and when they were hungry in the desert, supply'd them with food. How greatly he has by these means attach'd them to himself, appears from the manner in which he made his public entry into Jerusalem—But I shall not attempt to describe the odious pomp and rejoicings of that profane day. Thou thyself must have observ'd them, and have heard the rude acclamations, the huzzas, the frantic exultations of the mad'ning populace, which doubtless shook even this solid edifice.

At this PILATE only smil'd: on which PHILO repressing the heat of his malice,

and all the fury of ungovern'd rage, calmly began, Could I, O thou wise Roman, imagine, that thou would'st suffer thyself to be so deceiv'd by a specious shew of humility, as to believe the proud traitor incapable of forming ambitious schemes of rebellion, I should continue silent. But thou know'st mankind.—This JESUS, however contemptible he may seem, while bound and a prisoner, made a very different appearance in the desarts of Galilee. I beg, O PILATE! thy patient hearing, while I lay before thee a slight sketch of his projects. First, by the arts already mentioned by the high-priest, he practis'd on the infatuated multitude. He then proceeded to try how far he could govern them. But how did the trial answer his presumptuous attempt? Confident discourses, eloquence sublime, now indeed lying dormant, and fictitious miracles, gave him success. His projects ripening apace, he mov'd the multitude to make him king. They flock'd about him, and the air resounded with their applause. This he perceiv'd, and the more to inflame their zeal, withdrew from their sight.

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This succeeded. They went in quest of him, and the rolling stream was swell'd by the accession of new currents. At length finding their strength equal to the end propos'd, he no longer avoided them; but enter'd Jerusalem in triumph. Yet, however great was the attachment of the multitude to him, it went not so far as to induce them to compel the fathers of Jerusalem to go out and meet their king. And be assur'd, O PILATE! that had they dar'd to make the attempt, there is not a hoary head among all those thou seest before thee, nor any of us who serve at the altar, who would not with joy have bled in the cause of GOD, and of CÆSAR.

The divine MESSIAH, without shewing the least emotion, remain'd plung'd in profound meditations. He thought on the sufferings that were to purchase the redemption of man. The most cruel death summon'd him to the altar, while those who rag'd around him were only the sacrificers, and these he scarce observ'd. Thus the commander, chosen to revenge the injuries done to his country, flies to the bloody

battle, without regarding the dust that rises under his feet. PILATE, though a Roman, was fill'd with amazement at the silence of the MEDIATOR. Thou hear'st, said he, the heavy charge that is brought against thee, and yet art silent—Perhaps thou art unwilling to defend thyself before this tumultuous assembly. Follow me. JESUS then followed the Roman governor into the judgment hall.

Now inquietude and uncertainty seiz'd on the priests, who trembled and turn'd pale.

JUDAS a more abandon'd sinner than they, who with guilt of deeper dye, had ungratefully betray'd his divine friend, seeing the approach of that death, to which he found the impatient priests were resolv'd to lead him, suddenly started up, and hastily rush'd out of the assembly, then pressing thro' the waving multitude, flew to the temple, where CAIAPHAS, dreading an insurrection, had posted a number of priests. This the traitor knew, and now had enter'd the sacred structure, where reign'd an awful silence. At the sight of

the veil, hanging before the Holy of Holies, he hastily turn'd aside ; he was seiz'd with a sudden tremor ; paleness sat on his cheek, guilt and horror on his brow. Then going with frantic gesture up to the priests, he cry'd aloud, 'Take back your silver. I have sinn'd in betraying the blood of the innocent, which, wretch that I am, now falls on my head ! He then throws the money at their feet, and rolling his eyes, in wild despair, rushes out of the temple, and out of Jerusalem, flying from the sight of man. He stops, and looks around. He runs. Again he stands still. Again he flies. Then hastily casts his eyes about to see whether he be observ'd by mortal eye. At length no human being appears in sight, and the noise of the city dies on his ear.

JUDAS then clenching his hands, and stamping, cry'd, Oh, how my guilt stares me in the face, and tears this obdurate, this black, this cruel heart ! I cannot—I must not bear it ! This nameless agony will not—no, it will not, after death, be more dreadful ! O horror most horrible ! O rage—rage, too long am I in thy power !

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When these eyes are clos'd—these ears are
 deaf—I shall not see him stretch'd on the
 cross!—I shall not see his trickling blood!
 nor hear his faltering voice!—But he
 who spoke on Horeb said, Thou shalt do
 no murder!—He did—But I have no God!
 —Thou despair shalt be my GOD! Thou
 commandest me to die!—I will obey—I
 will die!—Ah! why do I tremble? why
 feel this inward conflict? Why, O my soul!
 dost thou shudder at the dreadful deed?
 Nature rises against it! It starts back from
 destruction! Wouldst thou live—live
 branded as the most treacherous—most
 ungrateful—most accurs'd!—Have I
 not betray'd—nay, murder'd the holy
 JESUS—once my friend? for this the
 Grave opens wide its gaping jaws—and
 Hell!—Oh horror—horror inexpress-
 sible!—Sure Hell cannot be worse!—
 I'll know the worst. Die!—wretch die!
 —kill also the soul, which would carry
 its wretchedness beyond the grave.—
 Thought, thou art my torment—my curse!
 —I would kill thought!—Thou thinking
 principle, so wretched, and that yet shud-

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ders at this dread deed of black despair, to thee I wish destruction! Thus, with wandering look he spake, and then with fury curs'd, and rag'd against the ETERNAL.

ITHURIEL, and OBADDON, the angel of death, had follow'd his steps. They saw him stop under a spreading tree, and perceiv'd on his countenance the hideous traces of despair, when ITHURIEL, with precipitate voice, said to OBADDON, Behold he is going to die by his own hand! I who have been his angel, was willing once more to see him; but I abandon him to thee, and to the dread effects of his rash despair. Yes, I was once his guardian, but thou angel of death seize thy victim, I veil myself, and fly from this scene of horror and turn away my eyes. Then OBADDON, rising to the summit of an adjacent hill, stretch'd towards Heaven his right hand, in which he held a flaming sword, and utter'd the solemn words pronounc'd by the angels of death, when man filling up the measure of his guilt, impiously deserts the post allotted

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him by the great CREATOR, and flying in the face of sovereign mercy, which ever smiles on true repentance, murders himself.

O Death, I conjure thee, by the awful name of the great OMNIPOTENT, to make this man thy prey ! His blood be upon himself. Behold thou, to thee, extinguishest the sun. Life and Death lie before thee : but thou, wretched mortal, shortenest the time appointed thee by sovereign wisdom, and chusest death. Withdraw thy light, O Sun ! and on him come the agonies of expiring nature ! O Grave, open wide thy tremendous jaws ! and seize him, O Corruption ! His blood be upon himself.

JUDAS heard the voice of the immortal. Thus, at midnight, the wandering traveller, in a lonely forest, listens to the distant storm which howls in the mountains, and tears up the cloud-top'd cedars on their lofty summits. Fill'd with all the frenzy of despair, he answer'd, Too well I know that voice : It is the dying voice of JESUS ! thou demandest my blood !—Thou shalt be satisfy'd. Thus crying,

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with look wild and furious, he leapt from the crag of a shelving rock, and was suspended in the air. OBADDON himself was astonish'd, and started back. The amaz'd struggling soul, ere the breaking of his convuls'd heart, thrice shook his whole frame; and at the fourth, the stretching cord, by which he hung, broke: he fell on the craggy rock, and Death drove his frantic spirit from its earthly mansion. It arose upwards. Volatile spirits follow'd from the squalid corpse, and, swifter than thought, gather'd round it, and became an aerial body, that, with clearer eyes, the soul might behold the dreadful abyss, and, with finer and more terrify'd ear, distinguish the thunders of the awful JUDGE rolling on high: but it was a body odious to the sight, weak, and only sensible of pain. Soon had the soul recover'd from this stupor of death. It began to think, and said, Am I again sensible?—What am I now!—How light I raise myself on high in the air! Are these bones?—No, they are not—but yet I have a body!—How mysterious!—Who am I?—Dreadful are my per-

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ceptions!—I feel myself miserable!—Am I JUDAS, who dy'd by his own hands?—Where am I?—Who is he on the hill—that bright figure, who casts a dreadful look towards me?—Oh that mine eyes had remain'd clos'd in darkness!—but they see more clearly!—more clearly still! ah, how dreadfully clear!—Let me be gone!—O horror! horror! it is the JUDGE of the earth!—I cannot escape!—and that is my frightful corpse! O that I could enter it again!

Now the guilty spirit, amaz'd and confounded, sunk to the ground. Arise call'd OBADDON from the hill, sink not down to the earth. I am not the JUDGE of the world; but OBADDON, the angel of death, one of his messengers. Hear thy sentence. This is the first, and worse is that which will follow.

To death everlasting art thou adjudg'd! Thou hast betray'd thy LORD, the gracious MESSIAH! Thou hast rebell'd against the omnipotent JEHOVAH! and hast murder'd thyself! Therefore he who holds the scales in his right hand, and in his left death, hath

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said, The terrors that shall gather round the head of the traitor are beyond measure; beyond the reach of numbers. First shew him the bleeding REDEEMER fix'd on the cross. Then at a distance let him see the bright mansions of everlasting felicity, and then convey him to the gloomy regions of eternal night!

Thus the angel announc'd the sentence. On which the trembling ghost, now render'd by its terrors still blacker and more horrible, follow'd OBADDON at a distance.

In the mean time JESUS was in the judgment hall with PILATE, who said, Art thou the King of the Jews? The SAVIOUR looking on the Roman with a placid gravity, answer'd, If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight: but my kingdom is not on earth. How then, return'd PILATE, canst thou be a king? I am, said JESUS. I came down to earth, and was born to lead mankind to the truth. They that are of the truth listen to my voice.

Here PILATE chang'd the discourse, and with the air of a politician, willing to

elude the decision of an affair which he thinks beneath his farther enquiry, said with a smile, What is truth? Then return'd with JESUS to the multitude, and addressing himself to the priests, said, I cannot find that he is guilty of any crime; much less that he is worthy of death. It does not appear to me, that he has really engag'd in any seditious practices: but as ye have mention'd Galilee as the principal scene of his rebellion, I will send him to HEROD, who is now in Jerusalem, and let him, if he pleases, punish him. The affair seems to relate to something in your law, of which HEROD is a better judge than I.

After a sleepless night, the mother of the most amiable of the sons of men, came to Jerusalem with the first appearance of the dawn, and hasted to the temple in search of her divine SON; but not finding him, stood depress'd by anxiety and grief, till a hoarse murmur from the governor's palace reach'd her ears. She then mov'd towards the sound without any idea of the cause from which it arose, and min-

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gled with the crowds which from every part of Jerusalem were flocking to the judgment-seat. Melancholy, but entirely at ease with respect to the cause of the tumult, she drew near to the solemn place, when she observ'd LEBBEUS, who, no sooner met her eye, than he hastily withdrew. Ah, cry'd she to herself, he shuns me! Why does he turn aside! This thought drew the sword which the divine providence had ordain'd, should pierce through her soul. MARY then entering the place call'd Gabbatha, and raising her head, saw JESUS. Her angel, on beholding the paleness of death overspread her face, and the tender anguish that appear'd in her eyes, turn'd aside. Yet she, tho' her sight grew dim, and her ears seem'd stunn'd, went forward, and trembling, proceeded towards the judgment-seat, where she at once saw her son, his powerful accusers, with the Roman governor sitting in judgment, and heard the voices of the multitude clamourously demanding his death. What could she do? To whose mercy could she have recourse? She

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look'd around and saw no pity. She rais'd her eyes to Heaven, but from thence receiv'd no relief. In this extremity her bleeding heart in silent fervor, thus offer'd up its petitions to Him who perfectly knows every idea of the human mind.

O thou who caus'dst the miraculous birth of this my dear SON to be made known to me by an angel, before I had, by thy power, conceived : who in Bethlehem's vale gave him to me, that I might rejoice with a mother's joy, in concert with those with whom never mother rejoic'd : with a joy which the angelic hosts themselves in their hymns at his birth, did not fully express : oh let me not see the wicked prevail against him ! Thou who graciously lent an ear to the supplications of the mother of SAMUEL, when at thine altar, she mingled her petitions with her tears, hear my sighs, and pity the distress of my soul. O GOD most merciful ! consider the anguish of my heart. Thou gavest me the tenderness of a mother ; thou gavest me the best of Sons—Of all human beings the best. O thou who createdst the

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Heavens, and hast directed the sons and daughters of affliction to fly to thee for relief, if my petition be agreeable to thy divine will, suffer not these cruel men to put to death my Son, the holy JESUS.

Here her distress grew too great to permit her even to give vent to her thoughts. Meanwhile the stream of the impetuous multitude drove her aside out of his view. With much difficulty she now made way through the crowd: she stood still: then press'd forward, seeking for his disciples; but not finding them, she veil'd herself, and freely indulg'd her tears. At length, lifting up her eyes, she saw herself close by the other side of the Roman palace: then sighing, she said to herself, Perhaps some humane, some tender mind may dwell in this riotous house: perhaps a mother, who is not above sympathizing in a mother's grief. Oh that this were but the case!—Many mothers report of thee, O PORTIA! that thou hast a benevolent heart.—O ye angels, who at the manger sang the nativity of my Son! may she pity my distress!

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MARY instantly ascended the marble steps, took off her veil, and enter'd the empty, silent rooms. Soon she saw a graceful Roman lady, issue forth from a distant chamber, on the side next the hall of judgment, who, beholding MARY, stood surpriz'd, while her limbs appear'd to tremble under her loose robe. The mother of JESUS, though her countenance was clouded by grief, in all her gestures shew'd a dignity that was admir'd even by the angels: for true dignity is best understood by the celestial spirits; and now, with a graceful humility, she approach'd the fair Roman, who instantly cry'd, Say—oh say, who art thou? for never have I beheld such noble sorrow.

MARY now interrupting her, said, If thou feelest in thine heart the compassion—that sits on thy countenance, lead me—oh lead me to the amiable, the humane PORTIA. The lovely Roman matron, now still more amaz'd, answer'd with softest voice, I am PORTIA. Thou PORTIA! return'd MARY, fill'd with an agreeable sur-

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prise. On seeing thee a secret wish arose in my mind, that PORTIA was such as thou appear'st. And art thou indeed that Roman lady?—But thou canst know little of the grief felt by a mother belonging to a people whom thou hatest, yet the women of Israel extol thy gentleness and humanity. I am the mother of him whom PILATE is now judging, whom cruel men have unjustly accus'd, though he has committed no offence; for he is holy, and his life irreproachable.

PORTIA stood viewing her with rapturous admiration; while her mind rising above the dejections of compassion, she at first seem'd lost in amazement. At length she cry'd, And is he thy Son, and thou the most bless'd of women? Art thou the mother of the divine JESUS? Art thou MARY? Then turning from her, she, with audible voice, thus lift up her thoughts, and her eyes to Heaven.

O ye Gods! she is his mother! upon you, ye nobler, ye better Gods I call, who have been reveal'd to me in a dream—a dream fill'd with important realities.

O thou SUPREME! JUPITER is not thy name, nor APOLLO; but whatever thou art call'd, thou hast sent to me the mother of the greatest, the wisest the best of men! if indeed he be a man: sent her a suppliant to me!—oh let her not offer her supplications to me! but rather let her lead me to her exalted Son, that he may deliver me from darkness and doubt! that by casting upon me a distant look, he may unfold the knowledge of the MOST HIGH GOD, and the wonderous mysteries I long to know.

PORTIA again turn'd herself towards MARY, who, with an affectionate look, met the Roman matron's eye, and then cry'd: How art thou mov'd!—Doth PORTIA pity me?—Oh then am I happy—then am I indeed a most happy mother! No mother ever lov'd a son with a love like mine. But, O fair Roman! let me conjure thee by thy heart so full of compassion, not to implore thy Gods. It is thou thyself must help my Son; they have no power to help him: nor canst thou, if the MOST HIGH has decreed that he shall die. Yet if PILATE keeps his hands unstain'd

with the blood of the innocent, with more confidence will he appear before the judgment seat of God.

PORTIA earnestly fixing her eyes on MARY, thus, with gentle voice, reply'd : Oh I scarcely know what I say, or what emotions swell my heart ! but, let this be thy consolation ; I will strive to help thee — thee whom my soul loveth. Know too, O MARY ! that I do not, as thou supposest, call on those Gods. A holy dream, from which I am but just risen, has taught me better Gods, and to them have I pray'd — A celestial, a terrible dream, the like of which, hath never before been presented to my imagination — I would have help'd thee, MARY, even tho' I had not the happiness of seeing thee : for the vision that appear'd before me, had already, with a powerful voice, spoke in thy behalf : but the end of it was dreadful and mysterious. At my awaking, strong were the impressions it had made upon my mind, and I was hasting to see the mighty prisoner, when behold, the Gods sent me his mother !

Here she beckon'd to a female slave, who stood at a respectful distance in the passage ; for on leaving her apartment, she had given orders that a slave should be sent to attend her. She was now come, and PORTIA, addressing herself to her, said, Go to PILATE, and let him know from me, that he who is now before him is a divine person, that therefore I entreat him not to condemn the righteous. For this morning it was the will of the Gods, that a vision in his behalf should trouble me while I slept. Then turning to MARY, she added, Cease now, thou tender mother, to dwell on thy sorrows. I will lead thee into my garden : we will walk among the flowers opening to the morning sun : where we shall be free from this alarming noise, and there I will relate to thee my instructive dream.

PORTIA was now silent, and MARY, unable to express her gratitude and joy, made no reply. They walk'd down into the garden, while the noble pagan was rapt in amazement, and in reflections which had never before employ'd the fa-

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culties of her mind. Her angel had infused the dream, and from the strong and warm sensations with which she was affected, now awak'd new thoughts, that with the greatest certainty and force, he might touch the finest strings of her heart: but at length, rousing herself from these contemplations, she thus address'd herself to MARY.

SOCRATES,—thou indeed know'st him not; but my mind exults at his very name; for the noblest life that ever man liv'd, he crown'd with a dignity in death, that did honour to such a life. That eminent sage, has always been the object of my highest admiration. Him I saw in a dream: for he gave me to know his immortal name. I, SOCRATES, said he, whom thou admirest, am come to thee from the regions beyond the grave. Cease to place thine admiration on me. The DEITY is not what we thought him. I in the shades of rigid wisdom, and thou at the altars, have gone astray. To reveal to thee the wonders of the MOST HIGH

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would exceed my commission. I only lead thee to the first step of the outer court of his temple. Perhaps, in these wonderful days, in which the greatest and most important event is seen on earth, a better and more exalted spirit may come, and lead thee farther in the way of truth and holiness. But thus much I may declare to thee, and this knowledge thou hast procur'd by thy singular goodness. SOCRATES no longer suffers from the cruelty of the wicked. There is no Elysium, no infernal judges, no Tartarus. These are only weak and chimerical fictions, the offspring of Ignorance and Error. Another Judge judges beyond the grave, whose wisdom comprehends all knowledge, whose justice is impartial, whose power is boundless, and whose goodness is infinite. Other suns shine than the fabulous luminaries of Elysium, and the felicity of the blest is pure, ineffable, eternal. But all actions are number'd, weigh'd, and measur'd, how then must the highest apparent virtues sink in real value! how is the boasted worth of the hypocrite scatter'd like dust

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before the whirlwind ! The sincere are rewarded : their involuntary errors receive forgiveness. Thus I, on account of the sincerity of my heart, have obtain'd grace, and am happy. On earth I lov'd virtue; here I drink full draughts from its pure celestial spring. O PORTIA ! PORTIA ! how different is the state on the other side the tomb, from that we have imagin'd. Your formidable Rome, is no more than a large assemblage of busy ants, and one sympathizing virtuous tear is of more value than a world. Oh deserve to shed such tears ! The celestial spirits are now solemnizing a mystery which has not been unfolded to me, and which I rapt in wonder and surprise, can only admire at an awful distance. The greatest of mankind, if I may presume to call him a man, suffers, more than the sufferings of a mortal, and paying the lowest obedience to the MOST HIGH GOD, perfects all virtue. He suffers for the human race. Behold, thine eyes have seen him. PILATE now sits in judgment on thy REDEEMER : but should his blood be shed,

louder will it cry, than any innocent blood ever spilt.

Here the venerable phantom paus'd, and then crying, Observe! instantly vanish'd. I look'd around me, and, behold, a black cloud soon cover'd all the azure sky with darkness, and descending, hover'd over the graves, which trembling, open'd. Over one of them the cloud separated, forming a lucid chasm, through which ascended a man stain'd with blood, follow'd by the eyes of multitudes dispers'd on the graves, who look'd upwards with stretch'd out arms, as if longing to follow him, till he ascended above the clouds, which soon dispers'd. After this I look'd, and behold many bled and dy'd for him who had ascended on high. The earth drank their blood, and trembled. I saw the sufferers die; nobly did they suffer, and better were they than the men among whom we live. Now arose a tempest: dreadful it march'd along, spreading a thick gloom over all nature. Terrify'd I awoke.—Here she abruptly paus'd. Thus the mind, trembling, starts back from a train of thoughts,

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on finding that the last verges too near on the awful depths of providence.

MARY, now fill'd with new sensations, lift up her eyes to Heaven; and then casting an affectionate look on the fair virtuous Roman, thus answer'd, What shall I say to thee, O PORTIA? I do not comprehend all the sublime truths contain'd in thine amazing vision. But how much do I honour thee, O thou favour'd of Heaven! Spirits of an higher order will come, and lead thee into the sanctuary of GOD. Silent as I am, when with pleasure and admiration I listen to thy discourse, permit me now to say, that he who created the revolving Heavens, with as much ease as these blooming flowers, is the true and only GOD. It is he who has given to the human race a life of labour, of fleeting joys and transient sorrows, that we may not forget the value of our immortal souls, nor cease to remember that immortality dwells beyond the grave. He is call'd JEHOVAH, the CREATOR, the blessed and only POTENTATE, the KING of Kings, and the LORD of Lords. He

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was the GOD of ADAM, the first of men ; the GOD of ABRAHAM our father. The worship we pay him, whatever the proud may say, the pious among us acknowledge to be involv'd in obscurity. Yet it was prescrib'd by the ETERNAL himself, who can and will remove the veil. He is now removing it. JESUS the great Prophet, the Worker of mighty miracles, the Messenger of the MOST HIGH GOD, whom with inexpressible joy, reverence and astonishment, I call my Son, came to remove the veil. That I was to bear him, that his name was to be JESUS, that he is to redeem mankind, were reveal'd to me by an immortal being, one of those spirits whom we call angels ; but though they are, like us created, the deities of the Greeks and formidable Romans, did they really exist, would be but as mere mortals, compar'd with these exalted beings. When I brought forth the wonderful child, though mean was the place, an host of those bright immortals celebrated his nativity, with hymns of joy and triumph.

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PORTIA now overcome by her amazement, lift up her join'd hands and her eyes towards Heaven, and sinking down on her knees, pray'd. She strove to pronounce the word JEHOVAH: but feeling a secret awe, which would not suffer her yet to presume to mention the tremendous name, she arose, and giving MARY a look of sympathetic sorrow, cry'd, He shall not die.

Ah he will!—he will! return'd MARY. Long has this thought clouded my life with grief and melancholy. For he himself, O PORTIA! has said it. He is resolv'd to lay down his precious life: this appears to me, and his pious disciples, most mysterious.—Ah now my wounded heart bleeds afresh! Thy divine vision begins to open upon my mind.--May God--the God of ABRAHAM bless thee!--but oh turn from me thy weeping eyes!--In vain do thy tears, O PORTIA, speak comfort to my soul!--He is determin'd to die!--to die!

Here her voice fail'd her. Long they stood without being able to lift up their eyes to each other, weeping in silence. At length, as the dying saint casts a look at

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her friend, the amiable, the disconsolate mother, lift up her head, and cast her swimming eyes on PORTIA, who with answering look of tender sympathy, took her by the hand, and said, O thou best of mothers ! thou most honourable among women ! I will go with thee—I will mourn with thee at the sepulchre of the dead !

While they thus interchang'd cordial discourse, the high priest, attended by the multitude, hurry'd the great MESSIAH to HEROD, whose stately palace already rang with the cry, that PILATE was sending thither JESUS of GALILEE, who had perform'd such mighty miracles. That prince hastily assembled his courtiers ; and being seated, thus address'd them : This day will instruct us in the truth, or free us from error. You have all heard what fame has publish'd of JESUS of NAZARETH, of his healing the sick with a word, and, with a word, raising the dead ! Yet he could not save himself from bonds, and is at last in our hands ! What an un-

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expected event!—Here he ceased, dissembling the satisfaction that lurk'd in his proud obdurate heart. The greatest of all the prophets, said he to himself, is going to appear before me as a vile criminal; and I shall see him tremble at my feet. I shall be his judge. I will order him to perform a miracle. Should he comply, I shall have the pleasure of seeing it, and the honour of its being done at my command; and should he not, yet still will plead before me this celebrated prophet, before whom Israel has strew'd palms, and sung hosannas.

HEROD's indulgence of these vain contemplations was interrupted by the priests, who, with loud and hasty steps, enter'd the hall. The benevolent JESUS was still at a distance among the multitude, who press'd around him, endeavouring to see him: Some storm'd, others rag'd. Some, uttering curses, reproach'd him, and others wept. The great MESSIAH walk'd amidst the tumult with silent resignation, fill'd with ideas too sublime for the narrow powers of a meer hu-

man mind to conceive. He look'd forward, to the state of his pious followers after his decease, when the COMFORTER should pour raptures into their transported souls, and enlightening their understandings, lead them into all truth. Many of these, his faithful friends, were among the multitude, pressing towards him, to obtain his last blessing, while the crowding populace drove them back. Often did they renew their efforts; but they renew'd them in vain. Amidst these were the disciples; PETER, with heavy heart and languid eye, that in silent language spake his grief. JOHN, and LEBBEUS, were also there, with NATHANIEL, and many of the seventy followers of the LORD. Among the crowd were also several of the female friends of CHRIST; MARY MAGDALEN, with MARY, the mother of the sons of ZEBEDEE; but not the sister of LAZARUS: she lay at the point of death. The first of these fair disciples was unable to repress the ardour of her soul; for seeing by her one whose eyes the divine JESUS had open'd, fill'd with devout fervour, she

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cry'd aloud, Oh, if thou still rememberest the hour when he gave thee to behold the glorious light of the sun, and all the blaze of day, help me—oh help me!—convey me through this maddening crowd, that my eyes may once more see my LORD—that I may once more receive his last blessing!—Oh they will kill him!—they, cruel men, will murder my LORD! but in vain were her entreaties, in vain did the grateful man endeavour to assist her. Mean while PETER, dispirited by the anguish of his mind, at length desisted from all attempts to advance nearer to his gracious MASTER: but JOHN ascending an eminence, obtain'd a distant sight of the blessed SAVIOUR; and then, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, gave vent to his full heart in silent prayer. Mean while LEBBEUS, addressing himself to the other MARY, who, overpower'd with grief, cover'd her face, said, O thou mother of the sons of ZEBEDEE! happy parent! look up to Heaven, look up with comfort! How great is her grief who bore the spotless, the righteous, the divine JESUS! Wherever I

turn my eyes, methinks she appears before me ! I feel, I feel her sorrows ! I sympathize in the tender, the painful emotions of her melting soul—of her bursting heart ! Pity, Oh pity me, ye angels of death ! shorten her sorrows, and that she may not see her holy SON expire, oh remove her to the world of peace and joy !

At length the future JUDGE OF THE WORLD enter'd HEROD's palace, and was led before that prince ; who, on his seeing him, was struck with amazement : amidst all the swellings of pride, he was astonish'd at beholding such dignity, such sedate composure. For some time he sat viewing him with a penetrating look, till his pride suppressing his amazement, he thus spake :

Thou Prophet, the fame of thy miracles has spread over the whole country, and has reach'd even my ears. Yet the voice of Fame, seldom representing things as they really are, generally says too much or too little. Shew me then what I am to think of the miracles she, perhaps, has too sparingly attributed to thee. Not that I doubt of thy having perform'd them : I

would only see them perform'd, that I too may admire them. For as thou wert before ABRAHAM, so thou art greater than MOSES, and all the succeeding prophets. Thou oughtest then, to exalt thyself above them by thy superior miracles. That thou mayst not hesitate in thy choice, I have selected some, all of a sublime nature, and worthy of thee. Yonder rises Moriah; above which thou seest the roof of the temple, and its lofty glittering pinacles; Do thou say, Bow, ye pinnacles, and do homage to the Prophet. Within the temple lie the remains of DAVID, how would that holy king rejoice at the sight of Jerusalem! with what amazement should we be fill'd at seeing him! Call, therefore, O Prophet! to the bones of the king, that he may fly from the dark and lonely tomb, and appear alive among us. But thou art silent. If neither of these please thee, speak to the waters of Jordan, saying, arise, O Jordan! turn thy limpid stream, and flow round Jerusalem; defend her splendid towers, and then roll back thy waters to

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Genazareth. Or command Sion to rise nearer to Heaven, or to place its lofty summit on the top of Olivet, that the people may, with amazement, behold its far-projecting shade. Thus spake HEROD, without knowing to whom he directed his discourse. He knew not that both the aspiring mountain, and the proud tyrant of conquer'd nations, when compar'd with the humble, the divine JESUS, were no more than elevated dust.

HEROD now oncemore exclaim'd, What art thou still silent? the MESSIAH then beheld him with a look of awful dignity; which he mistaking for contempt, arose full of wrath. When CAIAPHAS observing his passion, seiz'd the favourable moment, and leering on the MESSIAH, with malignant sneer, thus spake:

Thou thyself, great HEROD, seest what kind of man this prophet is. Behold, when thou demandest a miracle, he is silent! Can he perform miracles? The vulgar imagine that he can, and we have some weak men among the elders, who are of the same opinion. Can he who, though

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often admonish'd, has had the insolence to oppose the covenant, and the law of MOSES, be sent of GOD, and endu'd by the great JEHOVAH with the power of working miracles? But his profanation of the covenant deliver'd on SINAI, when involv'd in smoak, amidst the terrors of GOD, the summoning tempest, and the sound of the trumpet, CAIAPHAS might avenge. But, HEROD, it belongs to thee to punish a rebel who has pretended to be a King, and gathering all Judea around him, has made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The people strew'd his path with the branches of the palm: they spread their apparel on the ground, crying, Hosanna to the son of DAVID, Hosanna to the King of Israel, Hosanna to him who comes in the name of the LORD; strew palms; pour forth your hosannas; let hosannas resound thro' the highest Heavens. Sion echo'd back these seditious acclamations, and the portico on Moriah reverberated the sound. I, therefore, conjure thee by the ashes of the holy DAVID; and by the sacred remains of thy father HEROD

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the Great, to punish these impious profanations.

PHILO now smil'd on CAIAPHAS, tho' he was the object of his hatred; while HEROD, with bitter mockery, order'd a white robe to be put upon JESUS, like those worn by the Romans when candidates for an office. PILATE added he, has judg'd rightly and knowing his high merit, will inaugurate him as king, by adding to his hosannas and his palms, the purple and the crown.

HEROD spoke and withdrew. The guards of the prince then put a white garment on the holy JESUS, and having insulted him by their cruel mockery, he was sent back to PILATE. The multitude being now greatly increas'd, by the vast resort of people who came to celebrate the feast of the passover, JESUS was accompany'd by an innumerable crowd, and every part of the city was throng'd by a wild concourse. This PHILO undaunted sees, just as a pilot on observing the approaching waves, rejoices in his skill, and in the buoyancy of the supporting flood. Tho'

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he knows that the people are still divided, and that many thousands are warmly attach'd to **JESUS**, he remains unmov'd. He assembles about him the Pharisees, hastily gives the word, and they as readily disperse themselves among the yielding crowd. Thus from the cup of a mortal foe poison flows, and every drop is death. The Pharisees haste to inflame the multitude, and the many-tongu'd orators emulate his rancour, his eloquence, and specious blandishments; each according to his different disposition venting exclamations, reproaches or curses. Thus from different mouths resounded,

Think ye, that he has perform'd miracles?
HEROD has ask'd for a miracle; but he ask'd in vain. Ye saw how mute he stood.

—Accursed be he who vilifies our father
ABRAHAM. Accursed be he whose whole life has been a profanation of the law!—

Behold his accusers are the priests of the Most High God!—Has **JEHOVAH** sent to us one whom he abandons? He has abandon'd him—ye see him in bonds.—
The heathens in his tryal are too mild, too

merciful.—Men and brethren, ye are the holy people ! for you shines the temple ! for you the altars blaze ! for you the flame of the offerings on the high altar rises up to Heaven ! To you the dust of the prophets, to you the holy ashes of ABRAHAM, call for revenge ! Come then and revenge the greatest of our fathers. By such exclamations, the Pharisees drew thousands to their side. Few stood neuter and suspended in doubt : Yet still some continu'd virtuous and faithful : These were thinly scatter'd amidst the multitude. Thus when a wild hurricane has laid waste the forests that cover the extended summits of the mountains, still stand a few solitary cedars that have resisted its fury.

In the mean while PILATE, in order to save JESUS, had caus'd a prisoner, who, before his being apprehended, had been the terror of the country, to be privately brought into the judgment-hall, and the priests and people were no sooner return'd than he was expos'd to their view on an eminence, in the open gallery called Gab-batha. His glaring eyes roll'd : he bit his

lips, and held his panting breath. Rage, not remorse, bow'd his bushy head; and shaking his naked nervous arm, he rattled his chains. On the right hand of this fell murderer, PILATE plac'd the divine REDEEMER. The assassin view'd him cloath'd in a white robe, when the idea that JESUS, or himself was to be immediately led to death, struck him like a fiery dart, and with anxious solicitude agitated his big swelling heart.

Now PILATE, pointing to the benevolent JESUS, said, Ye brought this man to me, for seducing the people from their allegiance to CÆSAR. I have heard him, but do not find that he is guilty of the charge; neither does HEROD. I cannot therefore consent to his death. But as on your festival, I am to deliver to you a prisoner, I will order him to be scourg'd, and then release him. Here he paus'd, but observing, that with dissatisfy'd looks they continu'd silent, he resum'd. But ye hear not reason—Tell me, which shall I deliver to you, this BARABBAS, a robber and

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a murderer, or JESUS, whom ye call the king of the Jews?

In the mean time PORTIA's messenger came to him, and said, The man whom thou judgest is a divine person: PORTIA therefore entreats thee not to condemn the righteous; for this morning it was the will of the Gods, that, on his behalf, she should suffer many things in a dream. PHILO was now alarm'd, especially when his emissaries coming in, let him know, that many of the people declar'd for JESUS. Suddenly were heard from afar the melancholy cries of those who had been deaf, lame, blind, and even dead, calling JESUS the holy, the benevolent, the divine friend of mankind; but the raging murmurs of the nearer crowd, stifled the sound of their exclamations and complaints; as the cries of an helpless child, in the midst of a forest, are drown'd by the bellowing storm: or as the wise instructions of the sage, are lost before the repetition of the sounding exploits of the great. PHILO was sensible of the danger of having his malevolent views render'd abortive. He knew Pr-

LATE's design in placing the murderer with the prophet, in the view of the people: but relying on his popularity, he, with an indignant air, left the Roman, proud of the chains, which, by his oratory, he could throw on the minds of the people, and stepp'd forth, while PILATE, with mingled contempt and anger, observ'd him from the seat of judgment.

PHILO made a sign to the people, and they were silent before him: he then with ardent look said: With but few words, ye men of Israel, can I this day address you. Ye know me. I hate the despiser of MOSES. I curse him, who, whatever his soothing lips may pretend, curses MOSES by his life. From this disposition; from my zeal for our great prophet, I now come to lay before you felicity and destruction. Chuse, ye Israelites, chuse whether BARABBAS shall be saved, or JESUS. BARABBAS, we all know, is a murderer. PILATE also knows it, and did he not aim at inspiring you with a misplac'd compassion, he would not have rais'd up him as a competitor for your favour with this JESUS,

who would fascinate our minds with the specious semblance of innocence. But I shall not presume to penetrate into PILATE's designs. We are a conquer'd people, and it becomes us to be silent; but PHILO cannot conceal from you, ye Israelites, that ye stand on the brink of ruin, and, with grief, with anguish of heart I speak it, ye are perhaps inclin'd to chuse destruction. Yet the descendants of such great, such holy ancestors, shall not thus sink into perdition. This JESUS—this Man of cruelty knows, that when he had fill'd up the measure of his seditions, the Romans would come and extirpate us. Thousands stood around him when he talk'd of the siege of this city, of the sinking state, of the temple of God being levell'd with the dust. So blinded were ye, that ye were fill'd with admiration. But he had no mercy on you. He foresees the miseries of Jerusalem: he knows that he, and he alone, is the cause of her approaching anguish, yet persists in his rebellious practices. He sees the smoak of the burning temple, which sinks on

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Moria, never more to rise. He sees the altar for burnt offerings thrown down. He beholds the stately Jerusalem weeping ! she who sat as a queen among the cities, cover'd with ashes—bereav'd of her children—alas ! they lie unbury'd ! they lie expos'd, in the eye of day, turning to putrefaction ! while the young, whom torturing anguish and devouring grief have spar'd, are seiz'd by the furious warrior, and their tender bones dash'd against the ruins of this their native city !—Alas ! no father sees them !—their fathers dy'd in the field of battle !—no mother weeps over them ! the mothers had long been consum'd by emaciating grief ! All this he sees—he sees void of pity, insensible to mercy !

He had no sooner ended, than the other priests shouted their assent, as a signal to the people. But little want was there of such dreadful, such malignant representations, to raise a tumult in their hearts, which their own vices had already implanted there.

PILATE who had sat lost in thought, now again cry'd, Which of these two shall I deliver up to you? Immediately BARABBAS! was resounded from every side, with such fury, that the angels who encompass'd JESUS, trembling, turn'd aside their faces; and BARABBAS! BARABBAS! was still the cry. At length, PILATE's amazement being suppress'd by his indignation, he cry'd, What then shall I do with JESUS, your king. At this, stamping with fury, they bellow'd out, Crucify him! crucify him! The Roman once more endeavouring to calm their rage, added, But what is his crime! He has done nothing worthy of death. At this their fury burst out with a more violent flame, which being still blow'd up by the voices of the enrag'd priests, the people, stammering, pale, and grinding their teeth, cry'd, with vengeful looks, Crucify him! crucify him! crucify him! Sion, and the forsaken temple on Moriah resounded with the noise, whilst their feet fill'd the air with a cloud of dust.

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PILATE seeing that all his endeavours to save JESUS were in vain, with a weakness unworthy of a Roman, pass'd sentence upon him whom he had declar'd innocent. Struck with fear, he had before left the judgment seat, but now ascending it again, a slave, by his command, brought him water in a vessel of Corinthian brass, when making a sign to the people, they, with a mixture of perplexity and wonder, stood looking at him in silence. The slave pouring the water on his hands, he solemnly washed them before the multitude. At this instant the angel which in ancient times pass'd over the dwellings in the land of Goshen, sparing those that were sprinkled with the blood of the lamb, arm'd with the terrors of GOD, hover'd over Judea, to devote the people to utter destruction, and fixing his eyes on the countenance of the divine MESSIAH, there perceiv'd their rejection, accompany'd with a tear. Then that angel of death began those words of the curse, which proclaim through Heaven the sentence of the SOVEREIGN JUDGE, when

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nations are ripe for destruction. His voice seem'd like the sound of earthquakes, the remote harbingers of death. Then he engrav'd the sentence on an iron tablet, and plac'd it near the JUDGE's throne.

PILATE, making a sign to the slave to retire, again address'd himself to the multitude, crying, Ye furious and inexorable men, I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it. On which pronouncing sentence on themselves, they cry'd, His blood be upon us and our children. Pale horror, sepulchral silence, and a cold shivering, follow'd the words: but not remorse.

Now PILATE having order'd the crowd to make way, they open'd to form a passage, and JESUS was taken into the judgment hall to be scourg'd, while BARABAS being set at liberty, join'd the multitude. The savage murderer, on finding that he was free from his chains, shook himself, and leaping, shouted forth his obstreperous joy. He stood still: he was silent: he ran: he again stopp'd: the people trembled, and wherever he came, drove

back. Yet PHILO gaz'd upon him with pleasure. He too would have gladly accompany'd the REDEEMER: but it not being lawful for him at that time to enter the judgment hall, he walk'd before the door, and often stopp'd to listen. With joy would he have seen his sufferings: with joy and triumph would he have heard the voice of his pain.

But, O thou muse of Sion! who fill'd with grief turn'dst away thy face from the divine, the suffering REDEEMER, sing in mournful strains, the scourge, the reed, the purple mantle, and the crown!

The guard, a brutal band, assembling round him, rudely strip off his garment. Thus in the parch'd desert where no refreshing stream gladdens the plain, and dispenses fertility, the furious winds strip off the leaves from a solitary tree, that had oft afforded shelter to the faint and weary traveller. They then drag the LORD OF LIFE, and bind him to a pillar. The blood follows every stroke. The precious blood of the holy, the benevolent JESUS, in crimson streams falls from

his back. Then ELOA, at the dreadful sight, sinks down, and, with the humiliation of a mortal, lies prostrate in the dust. At length, laying aside the blushing scourge, and loosing him from his pillar, over his shoulders they throw a purple robe; in his hand they put a reed, and press upon his drooping head an encircling crown of thorns, from which the drops of blood fall trickling round. Then bowing with insulting mockery—But the trembling harp drops from my feeble hand, and my faltering voice in vain attempts to sing all the sufferings of the eternal SON.

PILATE seeing the calmness with which the divine, the humble JESUS bore pain and insult, once more endeavour'd to fill the people with the commiseration he himself felt, and, giving a sign to the REDEEMER, went out of the judgment hall, follow'd by the patient all-gracious SUFFERER. The multitude seeing them coming, again press'd forward, till PILATE, having commanded silence, cry'd aloud, Ye men of Israel, I

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bring him out once more, to inform you, that he has done nothing worthy of death. Then JESUS advancing nearer, they had a full view of him in his purple robe and bloody crown. PILATE now stretching out his hand, and looking first on JESUS, and then on them, in a compassionate accent cry'd, Behold the Man! At this instant the great REDEEMER gave orders to the angels, which trembling, hover'd round him: for his divine looks needed not words to express to them their meaning: they instantly read this gracious command, Give to my disciples, and all my faithful followers, internal and celestial consolations, when I on the uplifted cross shall bleed and die, and lie among those that sleep in death!

PILATE had hoped to impress the minds of the Jews with sentiments of compassion: but they still shew'd their insensibility to all the tender feelings of humanity: for the clamours of the cruel priests were a constant prelude to the loud cry of, Crucify him! crucify him! At length being fill'd with indignation, PI-

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LATE hastily answer'd, Take him away then, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him, and then angrily turning from them retir'd.

CAIAPHAS, now hasting after the Roman, said, O PILATE! we have a law, and by that law he ought to die, because he has made himself the SON OF GOD. At hearing the words, the SON OF GOD, PILATE trembled, and taking JESUS back to the judgment hall, with anxious solicitude, cry'd, Tell me whence art thou? JESUS made no answer, at which the governor being offended, said, Speakest thou not to me? Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify, and power to release thee? Then the MESSIAH calmly answer'd, No power couldst thou have against me, were it not given thee from above, therefore they that deliver'd me to thee have the greater sin.

PILATE then went back to the assembled people, when reading, in his resentful gestures, the motives to his return, they cry'd aloud, If thou, O PILATE! releasest this man, thou art not CÆSAR'S

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friend——Whosoever maketh himself a king, rebels against CÆSAR. The governor provok'd, and struck with double fear, wanted the resolution to support his dignity; and only answer'd with mockery and a contemptuous sneer, What, shall I crucify your king? On which the chief priests hastily reply'd, We have no king but CÆSAR.

Now the multitude surrounded the divine JESUS, and in savage triumph led him to death, while the pusillanimous Roman withdrew into his palace.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

The first of the series of lectures was given by Mr. H. B. ... The second lecture was given by Mr. J. ... The third lecture was given by Mr. ...

EIGHTH BOY

The eighth boy was ... The ninth boy was ... The tenth boy was ...

M E S S I A H

The Messiah was ... The Messiah was ... The Messiah was ...

The Messiah was ... The Messiah was ... The Messiah was ...

The Messiah was ... The Messiah was ... The Messiah was ...

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF THE
MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

ELOA descends from the throne of God, and proclaims that now the REDEEMER is led to death, on which the angels of the earth form a circle round Mount Calvary, also nam'd Golgotha. Then, having consecrated that hill, he worships the MESSIAH. GABRIEL conducts the souls of the fathers from the sun to the Mount of Olives, and ADAM addresses the earth. SATAN and ADramelech, hovering in triumph, are put to flight by ELOA. JESUS is nail'd to the cross. The thoughts of ADAM. The conversion of one of the malefactors. URIEL places a planet before the sun, and then conducts to the earth the souls of all the future generations of mankind. EVE, seeing them coming, addresses them. ELOA ascends to Heaven. EVE is affected at seeing MARY. Two angels of death fly round the cross. EVE addresses the SAVIOUR, and the souls of the children yet unborn.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK VIII.

COME thou who, on Sion's sacred
 mount, hast oft beheld the most holy
 of the high celestial choir: thou who from
 him hast learn'd what the eternal SPIRIT
 taught, now sing the dying SAVIOUR, the
 greatest of the dead. Come, O muse of
 Sion! divine instructress! come—trem-
 bling thyself, lead thy trembling votary—
 lead me to the awful crucifixion. Fill'd
 with holy terror, I would see the expiring
 REDEEMER; behold his fix'd eyes, his pal-
 lid cheek, his open wounds, his precious
 blood!—Ah! he faints, he bleeds, he
 reclines his drooping head! he bleeds, he
 faints, his eyes are clos'd in darkness!—
 speechless is he who form'd the tongue,
 and dead is the LORD OF LIFE!

From the presence of the ALMIGHTY FATHER, ELOA darted down with flight more swift than rays of light, beaming from the bright orb of day: even the immortals could scarce discern his rapid course. In his left hand he held a celestial crown, and in his right, a golden trumpet, from which he breath'd heavenly notes, while all the spheres join'd their harmony. Then the exalted seraph sang in strains mellifluous and sublime.

Rejoice, ye sons of Heaven, rejoice! and all ye celestial spirits, whether seated on the flaming suns, or encompassing the throne of the great OMNIPOTENT, join with soft commiseration and exalted joy, to celebrate the great Sabbath of redeeming love. Join all ye spirits in wonder and in praise. Rejoice, the hour is come—the awful hour, in which the LORD OF LIFE will die for man. The gracious victim is already on his way. Join all ye heavenly hosts, in rapturous strains, to celebrate his love to man.

His voice spread through the Heavens. The blessed spirits had already anticipated

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the awful, the joyful sound. ELOA instantly hover'd over Mount Calvary, while the angels of the earth hasten'd round him. He call'd, and about him they form'd a radiant circle, close arrang'd, extending far and wide.. Then, leaving the centre of this resplendent ring, he descended on the top of the mount. Thrice, with humble reverence, he bow'd his face to the dust, then standing erect, lift up his hands, and cast his eyes down on the MESSIAH, who, amidst insulting crowds, was slowly moving towards Calvary, groaning under the weight of the ponderous cross. Then ELOA stretching out his arms over the mount, cry'd, Hear, ye Heavens, and rejoice ! Thou Hell give ear and tremble ! In the name of the all-gracious FATHER, whose sovereign goodness laid the plan of mercy ; in that of the great, the suffering REDEEMER, who, full of benignity and soft compassion, is coming here to bleed and die, and in that of the HOLY SPIRIT, the Sanctifier, the Comforter of repentant sinners, by whom they shall be led into all truth, thee, O mount, I consecrate for the

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death of the SON. Holy, holy, holy is he who was, and is, and is to come !

Thus did ELOA consecrate the mount, while over-powering amazement dim'd the effulgence of the great immortal, who now seeing the SON OF MAN near the mount, bending with tottering step, under the galling cross ; a heavy burden for shoulders torn by cruel stripes ! he prostrated himself on the parch'd grass, and with folded hands, thus pour'd out his soul.

O thou who drawest near to thy altar, to die the most ignominious, and therefore the most astonishing, the most glorious of all deaths ! Thou FRIEND of Man, CREATOR, yet CHILD of Bethlehem, born of a race doom'd to the grave !—Thou weep'st, while to thee we sing triumphant hymns. Thou humblest thyself so low as to suffer on Golgotha. The heavenly host are lost in wonder, while rapt in the contemplation of thy love to man. O thou SON of GOD ! the incarnate MESSIAH, once immortal ! the ACCOMPLISHER of all that is amazing, highest, best !—of all that is

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most glorious, most admirable, most divine! the RESTORER of innocence! the LAMB of GOD, which taketh away the sins of the world! the REVIVER of the dead! the DESTROYER of death everlasting! the JUDGE of the earth! Hear my lowly supplications, attend to the voice that addresses thee from the dust on which thou art to bleed. O thou SAVIOUR of man, when thine eyes fail, when the paleness of death overspreads thy face, when the Heavens shall trembling pass away, and the sun withdraw his light, then from the overshadowing night, in which thy life departs, strengthen me, O thou great ACCOMPLISHER of the redemption of man!—strengthen me, that I, helpless, trembling, and forlorn, may not sink among the sepulchres of the earth—and when in the hovering twilight, the convuls'd creation shall appear to swim before my disorder'd sight, may I see thee expire! O death of the SON, how near dost thou approach! From the first who became mortal, till the last of the race of ADAM, the happy influences of thy death, O thou MESSIAH! shall ex-

tend, and all arise at the sound of the last trump. Hail, ye redeem'd, who shall come rejoicing, having wash'd your robes, and made them white in the blood of the LAMB!

ELOA now arose, and around Calvary marshall'd the angels of the earth in wide extended circles. They assembled on low and floating clouds, that cover'd the broad summit of the mountain, or hover'd in deep contemplation above the cedars, moving with their waving tops. He himself stood on a pinnacle of the temple. A mighty host encompass'd the mount: these were the dispensers of the providence of the OMNIPOTENT. Here were the angels of death and of judgment, the guardians of mankind, and of the future Christians, who, being the protectors of the martyrs, have the chief place at his throne, for whom the palm-bearing martyrs die.

Mean while GABRIEL, whom the divine SUFFERER had sent to the sun, alighted at URIEL's residence, and standing before the souls of the parents of mankind, thus address'd them:

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Draw near ye parents of the human race,
and behold your SAVIOUR. Here, with
his trembling right hand he directed their
fight, and then added: The REDEEMER
is dragging his cross; near the foot of the
hill of death! On its summit, ye shall be-
hold him bleeding on that torturing cross
for you, and for your children!—O ye re-
deem'd! he goes—he hastens to prepare
eternal life for generations yet unborn!

Thus spake the seraph, and then flew
towards the earth. Silent with mingled
grief and joy the human spirits follow:
they haste: their celerity can only be sur-
pass'd by the ideas of the devout soul
ranging with holy rapture from star to star.
GABRIEL leads the radiant band, and now
they reach the Mount of Olives, on which
ADAM alighting first, sinks down, and
kisses the earth.

O earth! maternal land! said he, do I
again behold thee! How many ages are
pass'd away, since at my death, or rather
my revival to a nobler, a better life, thou
receiv'dst my frail cumbrous body into
thy peaceful bosom! Never since that aw-

ful—happy moment have I trod on thy surface. Thy bosom is now fill'd with the remains of my offspring. I salute thee, O earth ! I salute you, ye remains of the dead, my children. Ye shall awake ! Yes, my dear children, ye shall awake ! The hours approach that shall deliver the earth from the curse brought upon it by my sin, and at length your dust, my children, rising, shall bless the gracious SAVIOUR, who now dies for you and me. Behold the incarnate MESSIAH, the earth-born CREATOR comes !—Behold he comes to die—to die for you !

Thus spake the first of men ; then silently looking towards Calvary, a heavenly melancholy, a sacred awe, thrill'd thro' his whole etherial frame.

On the temple stood ELOA, whence he descry'd the crowd of happy human souls that descended with GABRIEL. Then turning his face, he perceiv'd on high over the cross, SATAN and ADRA-MELECH wheeling about with looks of wild exultation : SATAN transported with the work he should soon accomplish, and

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both pleas'd with the thoughts of future deeds, productive of misery. He sees them above the clouds of the moving earth, with immense circuits, measuring the vast empyreal vault. ELOA, now vested in his full glory instantly arose from the temple towards the immortal offenders, array'd in all the lustre of this most solemn day, and surrounded by the terrors of the MOST HIGH. Before him light breezes became bellowing storms, and his progress was as the march of an army, under whose feet the rocks tremble. The mighty sound, and no less awful effulgence of the celestial spirit, proclaim'd his approach. The apostates saw and heard him coming; they strove in vain, to conceal their confusion: they stopp'd and became still of more sable hue. So in the abyss of the lowest Hell stand two rocks, cover'd with the darkest nocturnal gloom. With one stroke of his extended wings, the seraph then reach'd the spirits accurs'd and thus, with commanding voice, spake: Ye whose names are mention'd in the abyss, be gone. Ye see the luminous circle of the pure, the exalted

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immortals; fly, and free the sacred place from your profane presence. The extent of the most distant radiance of the blest'd shall indicate your limits: within the compass of their beams, presume not either to soar above the clouds or to creep along the dust of the earth.

Thus the seraph deliver'd his commands. As when two storms descend in black clouds on two of the mountains of the Alps, the rapid thunder bursts in their bosoms, and rolls through the winding valleys; so the proud infernal spirits prepare to answer ELOA. All the terrors of rage, all the rancour of revenge, gather in the wrinkles of their brows, and flash from their flaming eyes: but ELOA beholding them with majestic look, and stedfast gaze, check'd the thunder ere it burst, crying, with a commanding voice, Be ye silent—fly—Did I come with that triumphant strength, with which I am indu'd by the OMNIPOTENT, my thunder, hurl'd from this uplifted arm, should drive ye beyond the bounds of the wide creation. But I come in the name of the SON of ADAM,

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who there bears his cross! and in the name of that Conqueror of Hell and Death, command you to fly. They fled: but first chang'd blacker than the gloom of midnight, and were pursu'd by terrors, which drove them aside among the ruins of Gomorrah in the Dead Sea. With joy the angels and the souls of the bless'd saw their disgraceful flight, while ELOA, array'd in all his glory, return'd to a pinnacle of the temple.

The holy JESUS was come to the hill of death, when, faint with suffering and fatigue, he sunk under the burthen of the cumberous cross. The blood-thirsty multitude then forc'd a fearful traveller, who had just descended the declivity, to bear the cross. Among those who follow'd, some soft and gentle minds, free from rage, beheld him with compassion, and lamented his fate: yet their hearts being attach'd to vanity, scarcely did they know whom they pity'd. This sorrow, fleeting and transitory as a morning dream, arose from no devout sensation of soul. JESUS heard their lamentations, and

turning towards them, said, Why do ye weep, O ye daughters of Jerusalem? Weep not for me: but weep for yourselves, and for your children: for the day of distress and anguish approaches; the dreadful day, when they shall say, Blessed are the barren! the womb that never bare, and the breast that never gave suck! Then will they say to the mountains, fall on us, and to the hills cover us. For if this be done to me, what shall be done to the sinner?

Having at length reach'd the summit of the hill, JESUS lifts up his eyes to the SOVEREIGN JUDGE. Meanwhile the executioners take the cross, and set it up among the bones of the dead. Now the solemn day shines with fainter light; yet still the smallest of the animal creation sport in the extended fields of vital air. Soon the earth gently trembles through its depths profound; whirling storms sweep along its surface, and howl through its hollow caverns: the cross shakes, and near it stands the PRINCE OF PEACE.

ADAM on perceiving him, could no longer contain his transports : with glowing cheek, and hair flying back, he rapidly advanc'd to the slope of the mountain : then sunk to the earth, while the celestial radiance, which beam'd from his immortal eyes, was dim'd. He lay dissolv'd in tears of joy, and love, and gratitude, which were mingled with a flood of sorrow and amazement. While all these passions, in pleasing confusion, rush'd upon his soul, his thoughts burst into speech, and the angelic circle heard his suppliant voice, when lifting up his eyes, he thus spake :

O thou SON ! thou SAVIOUR ! thou the great MESSIAH, and my LORD ! the immortals weep, when absorb'd in thy love, they, with silent admiration, mention thy thousand thousand glories, thus eclips'd—thus brighten'd by thy sufferings ! Ah I call thee SON ; then struck with wonder, pause and weep with them ! JESUS my SON !—rapture is in the thought ! Whither—Oh whither shall I retire to bear the pleasing—joyful grief of this inexpressible salvation ?

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O ye angels who were before me, yet not before him, look down—with wonder and amazement look down on JESUS my SON! Thee, O earth, I bless, and thee, O dust, from which I was form'd!—O joy!—thou plenitude of joys eternal, that fill all the desires of the immortals! Oh the great, the profound, the heavenly plan! It was thine, O JEHOVAH!—thine was the glorious, the gracious plan of redemption! thy loving-kindness and compassion exceed the ideas of the rapt seraph!—and thou, O JESUS! didst leave the splendor that surrounds thy throne and all the pure, the refin'd, the ineffable delights of Heaven, to descend to earth—to become my Son—to redeem my offspring from the power of sin—to perfect redemption for man, by obtaining a glorious victory over temptations, sufferings, and death! Thus dost thou bruise the serpent's head. Rejoice, O my immortal soul! in the wonders of his love—eternal praises are due to him, who by his sufferings and death for us procures eternal felicity! Stand still, ye immortal souls, and wondering, behold this abyss—this wide abyss of joy!

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What, ye Heavens, are the moments of a mortal life to the joys of immortality? Yet each of these is divine—each moment when well employ'd, bears on its rapid wings eternal repose! This shall I—this shall you, my children, enjoy! Lend me your voice, ye celestial spirits, that through the whole creation I may aloud proclaim, that the great REDEEMER is now entering the shadow of death. Arise mankind from the squalid earth—arise, lift up your heads; come and wash your souls in tears of pity, love, and joy! The MESSIAH your CREATOR! BROTHER! FRIEND! is on the verge of the opening grave. Ye, my children, are his beloved; for you he dies! Come, all ye my children, to your dying REDEEMER—ye who dwell in palaces roof'd with gold, lay down your crowns and come—Ye cottagers leave your lowly hurdled huts, and come. Alas! they hear not my voice—they hear not the voice of love—O thou who offerest thyself a willing sacrifice! let me with overflowing gratitude,

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forever admire thy condescending love. Complete—oh complete, thou gracious SUFFERER, the mighty work. And now—But ah! what inexpressible melancholy rushes upon my heart!—What sympathetic sorrow penetrates the deep recesses of my soul! Now, O JESUS! thou enterest the dismal path of death! Strengthen, O ETERNAL FATHER! me, the first of sinners, who have already seen corruption, that with melting soul, I may behold my SON, my LORD, die—die for repenting sinners!

ADAM was silent. In the mean time the mighty, the humble SUFFERER approach'd nearer to the cross, and lifting up his hand, held it before his face, then bowing low, said what no angel heard, nor no creature understood: but JEHOVAH from his lofty throne, now environ'd with sable clouds, answer'd. The words of the MOST HIGH reach'd the distant limits of the wide expanse of Heaven, and the throne of judgment trembled. The executioners came up to the REDEEMER: then all the worlds, with wide extended roar,

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stopp'd at the points of their orbits, whence they were to proclaim the redemption. They stood still: the thunder of the poles dy'd away, and sunk into silence: silent was the whole motionless creation, shewing to all under Heaven the hour of sacrifice. Thou also, O world of sinners and of graves, stood still! Now the angels, array'd in all their unfading glories, look'd down. JEHOVAH himself look'd down, and supported the sinking earth: he look'd down on JESUS, whom, with barbarous hands, they nail'd to the cross.

As when almighty death has overspread the creation, and a world sleeps in silent corruption, no living being standing on the dust of the dead; so, in solemn silence the angels, and thine Omnipotent FATHER, O crucify'd JESUS! look'd on thee. But when thy blood first started forth from thy hands and feet, then the amazement of the seraphim grew too strong for silence, they burst into mingled sounds of exultation and mourning. Now were the Heavens fill'd with new adorations. Once

more, and again once more, ELOA cast his wondering eyes on the bleeding JESUS: and then with a dignity with which he had never appear'd to any of the immortals, in an extasy of admiration, he flew into the Heaven of Heavens, and with a voice that resembled the sound made by the stars in their circular courses, cry'd, The blood of the SAVIOUR flows! Then flying into the immense abyss, he repeated, The blood of the SAVIOUR flows! He next, with more calm astonishment, bends his course to the earth. As he return'd thro' the region of creation, he saw the archangels on the suns; worshipping they stood, while from their golden altars a flame arose, like the crimson blush of the morning, and ascended to the JUDGE's throne. Beneath, through the wide creation, sacrifices blaz'd, as types of the bleeding sacrifice on the cross. Thus the seventy elders of God's chosen people saw on Sinai the appearance of the glory of the MOST HIGH: or thus arose the sacred cloud, and pillar of fire from the tabernacle, to guide the people on their way.

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Still the god-like SAVIOUR bleeds ; and
looking down with divine benignity and
grace on the people of Judea, who were
crowded together in one great throng
from Jerusalem to the cross, he meekly
cry'd, FATHER forgive them ; for they
know not what they do !

Silent amazement accompany'd the voice
of love through a part of the crowded mul-
titude, who lift up their faces to the bleed-
ing REDEEMER, and beheld him over-
spread with a deadly paleness. This was all
that mortal eyes could see. The souls of
the pious dead saw diviner, more mysteri-
ous things. They observ'd his struggling
life, which Death could not destroy, had
not he borne a commission from the Su-
PREME SOVEREIGN OF ALL. They per-
ceiv'd what convulsive terrors shook his
mortal frame, while forsaken by his Al-
mighty FATHER, he hung on the lofty
cross ! How great the salvation procur'd by
those purple streams ! What love and com-
passion were shewn by his bearing his cruel
wounds ! Behold, he lift up his eyes to

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Heaven, seeking ease from pain ! but no ease he found, every moment repeated the most dreadful death. With him, as a farther debasement, were crucify'd two malefactors, one on his right hand, the other on his left. Of these, one an obdurate sinner, grown grey in guilt, turning his fullen distorted face to the MEDIATOR, cry'd, if thou be CHRIST, save thyself and us, and come down from the accursed tree.

The other criminal was in all the vigour of blooming youth : he was not abandon'd; though he had been seduc'd by sin; and now rising superior to his tortures, he boldly reprov'd his fellow sufferer, crying, Ah, dost thou not fear God, when death — when condemnation are so near ? What we suffer, alas ! we suffer justly for our crimes; but this man, added he, looking on JESUS, has committed no crime. Then writhing his body towards the REDEEMER, he strove to show his veneration, by lowly bowing his head. The effort tore his lengthening wounds, and the blood gush'd forth in larger streams ; but disregarding the pain, and the streaming

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blood, bending still lower, he cry'd, LORD, remember me, when thou enterest into thy kingdom.

The MEDIATOR, with a divine smile, beaming benignity and grace, look'd on the agonizing sinner, and, with a gentle voice, reply'd, This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise. With devout trembling the malefactor heard the reviving words, which thrill'd through his soul. With blissful extasy his eyes, which swam in tears of joy, remain'd fix'd on the divine SUFFERER, the FRIEND of man, and till his faltering speech began to fail, he attempted in broken sentences, to express his new and exalted sensations, the delightful foretaste of eternal felicity. What was I? Oh what am I now? cry'd he, with a look of transport, that banish'd from his face the traces of pain. Such misery before, and now such joy! Oh this extatic tremor! —these sweet—these rapturous sensations! What dawning felicity breaks in upon my soul! Who is he that hangs next me on the cross? Is he a pious, a just, a

holy prophet?—He is much more—ah, much more—surely he is the SON of GOD, the MESSIAH, sent from Heaven! His kingdom then is far—far exalted above the earth! O ye men and angels, this is the promis'd MESSIAH! yet how deeply does he humble himself! He stoops to suffer this painful death! he stoops still lower—he stoops to save me! How incomprehensible! Oh be thou ever belov'd by me, while, lost in wonder, I cannot comprehend this grace! Greater art thou than the highest angel; for, surely an angel could not thus have transform'd my soul—could not, with such sublime rapture, have rais'd it to GOD! Yes, thou art the divine MESSIAH, and thine—thine I shall be for ever!

Thus he spake, and then hung absorb'd in silent rapturous astonishment. Whenever he cast up his eyes towards Heaven, or on the extended earth, all seem'd to smile. The peace of GOD had rested upon him. At a glance from the REDEEMER one of the seraphim now hastily left the circle which encompass'd Calvary, and stood

under the cross. The import of the divine look was, Thou seraph bring the redeem'd to me, after his death. He instantly return'd to the angelic circle. This was the invincible ABDIEL, who by the appointment of the MOST HIGH was now an angel of death, and kept the gate of hell. Instantly troops of other angels surrounded him, and ask'd his commission. ABDIEL with transport answer'd, I receiv'd orders after the death of that criminal, to conduct him to the MESSIAH, who hath given him salvation. The delightful task fills me with sweetest joy. A sinner is deliver'd, and deliver'd in the hour when the gracious SAVIOUR is bleeding—is dying for man! To conduct this purify'd soul, thus prepar'd for Heaven, to its REDEEMER is a delightful task! Congratulate me, O ye angels! on the blissful office.

In the mean while URIEL, the angel of the sun, had long stood on a mount of that shining globe, ready for his progressive flight; and now the time was come for executing the commands he had receiv'd. Radiant he arose, and proceeded thro' the hea-

vens, with steady wing, to a remote planet, which the OMNIPOTENT had order'd him to place before the sun, that the life of the divine REDEEMER might expire under a more awful covert than that of the night. Already the seraph stood over the pole of the star—of that star where dwell the souls who, before their birth, are remov'd into this momentary mortal life of probation. There URIEL look'd down on the souls of future generations, and calling the star by its immortal name, thus spake :

Adamida, he who has assign'd thee thy station, commands thee to leave thine orbit, and to place thyself opposite to that sun, to prevent any of its rays reaching the earth.

The heavenly orbs heard the commanding voice reverbate from the mountains of Adamida. The star tremulous turn'd its thundering poles, and the whole creation resounded; when, with terrific haste, Adamida, in obedience to the divine command, flew amidst overwhelming storms, rushing clouds, falling mountains, and swelling seas. URIEL stood on the pole

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of the star, but so lost in deep contemplation on Golgotha, that he heard not the wild tumultuous roar. Now, O sun! it had reach'd thy region. At the sight of the new solar orb, the tender human souls were fill'd with astonishment, and rais'd themselves above the planet's ascending clouds. Adamida then slacken'd her course, and advanc'd before the sun, cover'd its face, and intercepted all its rays.

The earth was silent at the descending twilight, and as the gloom increas'd, deeper was the silence. Terrifying shades and palpable darkness came on. The birds ceas'd their notes, and sought the thickest groves: the very insects hurry'd to their retreats, and the wild beasts of the deserts fled to their lonely dens. A death-like stillness reign'd thro' the air. The human race, standing aghast, look'd up to Heaven. The darkness became still more dark. What a night in the midst of day! The intercepting planet had, to all human eyes, extinguish'd the sun! How terrifying the awful night which thus involv'd in sable

clouds the extended fields, and was render'd doubly terrible by this solemn silence!

But Jesus, amidst the terrifying gloom, hung unterrify'd on the lofty cross, while the blood and sweat of death trickled from his dying members. At the sight silent nature was struck with consternation, like that felt by a virtuous friend on his hearing that he whom he lov'd is snatch'd away by a premature death. Or as the generous citizen remains immoveable, and contemplates with eyes that shed no tears, the melancholy and venerable remains of the brave patriot who has dy'd for his country: but soon awak'd by grief, his emotions shake his whole frame, and raise a tempest in his sympathizing soul. In such dismay the earth then lay, and thus shook. The foundations of Golgotha quak'd: the darken'd cross trembled, and widen'd the wounds of the divine SUFFERER, while his life issu'd forth in larger streams. Now stood the multitude, fix'd by deep-rooted horror, wildly gazing towards the cross. Dreadfully-flow'd the sacred

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blood, by them unjustly shed. On them it came, and on their children. Fain would they have turn'd aside their faces; but irresistibly impell'd by terror, their eyes were continually directed towards the bloody cross.

URIEL, having still another command to execute, descended from the pole of fix'd Adamida, to the unborn souls on its surface. They saw the celestial intelligence approach; already were they in bodies of the human form, tho' of an ethereal texture, ting'd with the gay splendor of a ruddy evening cloud. Follow me, said ITHURIEL: I come from the great ETERNAL, to take you to yonder earth, overshadow'd by the world on which you live. Ye shall see the SAVIOUR of man—your SAVIOUR: but yet ye know him not. A remote beam of immortal felicity will dart upon you. Follow me, ye bless'd, who, when born, will become candidates for immortal life, and all the joys of Heaven.—Come and behold the awful scene. To him who now dies on the cross, every

knee shall at length bow, and every tongue
confess that he is LORD and REDEEMER.

The conducting spirit extended his
wings, and flew encompass'd by the souls.
Thus the pious sage, fond of meditati-
on, and high celestial converse, hastes by
moon-light into a lonely forest, there in
devout raptures to contemplate on thee,
O thou INFINITE and SUPREME! so
amidst the souls, the transported seraph,
rapt in thought, speeds his way, and draws
near to the earth.

The progenitors of mankind saw the
numberless band coming in the dusky
clouds: myriads of myriads of immortals;
a majestic train of thinking beings, that
have existed ever since the creation!
Now the mother of men, astonish'd,
turn'd from the cross her attentive
eye. The children come—they come! all
the unborn—the Christians come! Thus
spake the general mother to the father of
men. But soon she again fix'd her eyes
on the bloody cross, adding, These are my
immortals!—But ah, by what name do

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they call thee, O thou who bleddest, who
dyeest for them! With what hosannas shall
they hymn thee, thus disfigur'd with
wounds? Oh that you, ye children of sal-
vation!—ye Christians! were now born;
that thousands and thousands of weeping
mothers led you to the cross! Oh that you
already knew the most holy of those born
of women: him who when he first enter'd
this mortal state, wept at Bethlehem!—
But O ADAM! they will know him, they
will know the dear SAVIOUR, the SON of
the ETERNAL! But as the flower whose
stalk is broken by the boisterous wind,
hangs its still beauteous head and dies, so
some of you, my belov'd children, will
fall by the murderous sword of persecuti-
on; and hanging your heads, will smile
in death. You, happy martyrs, your mo-
ther congratulates. Ye are the chosen,
the exalted witnesses of the greatest and
most important of all deaths. O ye glo-
rious sufferers for the cause of truth, of vir-
tue, of your REDEEMER! Your pale and
hollow cheeks, will assume the soft blush
of celestial beauty: Your wounds will

shine with refulgent splendor: your dying groans be chang'd to sweetest strains of heavenly harmony, and rapturous songs of joy and triumph.

The great EMANUEL now lifting up his eyes, fill'd with celestial love, beheld the unborn souls: his look drew forth a sacred tear on every cheek, and each soul trembling with holy awe, felt new sensations.

Now the colour of life instantaneously flush'd on the face of the dying Jesus; but as instantaneously vanish'd, never to return: his faded cheeks became sunk, and his head hung on his breast: with difficulty he rais'd it up towards Heaven; but unable to sustain its weight, soon it dropp'd. The pendant sky form'd an arch round Golgotha; more silent and dreadful than the sepulchral vault, and sable clouds of wide extent hung over the cross. In an instant the silence teas'd, and a noise usher'd in by no murmuring sound, suddenly burst from the earth, with a roar so tremendous, that the sepulchres of the dead, and the pinacles of the temple shook,

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This was the fore-runner of a tempest, which, rushing on the lofty cedars, tore them up by the roots, and made the towers of Jerusalem quake. Then loud thunder roll'd thro' the sky, and the deafening clap bursting over the Dead Sea, its affrighted waters foam'd, and the heavens and the earth trembled.

○ Silence, with steady foot, again stood on the earth, again the gloom began to disperse, and the unborn, the human race, and the dead, speechless gaz'd on the REDEEMER. Mean while our general mother, with soothing Melancholy, now her sweet companion, view'd the divine SAVIOUR, under his lingering death. On beholding him, her eyes were dimm'd by obscuring affliction, and soft sympathetic sorrow. The MESSIAH now downward bent his looks on a fair mortal, whom with fix'd regard he view'd, while she with drooping head, and a countenance pale and mournful, trembling, stood at the foot of the cross, involv'd in silent sorrow; her eyes fix'd by grief on the ground, shed no tears; for the kind relief of those heart-

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easing drops was withheld. This, said the first of women, is surely the SAVIOUR's mother—Thy grief, O my Daughter, tells me that thou art she who bore thy LORD and mine.—Thou art MARY. What thou now feel'st, I felt for my dear murder'd ABEL, when he lay breathless, with his own blood distain'd—How I pity thee—thy grief equals what I then felt, O thou tender mother of my dear dying JESUS! Thus to herself she spake, while, with an affectionate look, her eyes hung on MARY: nor yet had they left her beloved daughter, had not two angels of death, with awful, solemn flight, approach'd from the east. Silent, and slow they came. Destruction sat on their faces, and their vesture was the gloom of night. Sent by the SUPREME Lord, they approach'd the cross, and so tremendous was their appearance, that the souls of the progenitors of the human race sunk nearer to the earth, and images of death, with the terrors of sepulchral corruption, hover'd round the immortals.

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The angels of death standing on the hill, face to face, view'd the dying SAVIOUR, then one rising to the right, and the other to the left, with sounding pinions, seven times flew round the cross. Two wings cover'd their feet, two trembling wings their faces and with two they flew. These, when expanded, sent forth groans and sighs, and sounds of death. Dreadful the angels hover'd. The terrors of GOD sat on their expanded wings, and seven times they flew around. The dying JESUS, raising his languid head, look'd at the angels of death, then cast up his eyes to Heaven, and cry'd, with a voice which none but his almighty FATHER heard, Ah cease to encrease the torture of these wounds! O my GOD forbear! Instantly the two angels bent their airy flight towards Heaven; but first cast a dreadful look on Jerusalem, and on her inhabitants who stood around. On their ascent they left the ethereal spectators under deeper dejection, and pensiveness more profound. With disorder'd countenances they stand looking on the graves, then at each other,

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and then towards Heaven: but soon they again turn their faces to him who bleeds on the cross. Innumerable they stand, and tho' every eye speaks grief or consternation, no immortal eyes express such tenderness as those of the mother of men. She bows her head towards the earth, the grave of her descendants, and spreads her rais'd arms to Heaven. Now she lays her mournful brow in the dust: now folds her hands. She rises, and earnestly looks around. At length with faltering voice, she gives utterance to her thoughts, and from her lips, immortal harmony flows forth in sighs.

May I, O thou divine MESSIAH! presume to call thee SON?—It was my crime that brought thee down from Heaven, and nail'd thee to the cross. Had it not been for me, who have expos'd my offspring to sin and death, thou wouldst not have been my SON--thou wouldst not now hang bleeding on thy gaping wounds: nor ever, ever, die! What an exchange has my guilt brought on thee, O thou most loving and belov'd! thou hast exchang'd bliss for misery! life and ineffable joy, for torment

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unutterable, and all the agonies of expiring nature! I—alas! I was the cause! yet turn—turn not away from me thy dying eyes. Thine all-gracious FATHER, the prime source of goodness and of love, has condescended to forgive me--Thou too hast pity'd—hast forgiven me, O my REDEEMER, and the REDEEMER of my offspring! the high arch of Heaven resounded, and the throne of the ETERNAL echo'd back thy praise, when thou, the belov'd of thy FATHER, offer'dst to give thy life for repentant sinners, that we might enjoy life everlasting.—And now thou diest—I stand absolv'd by boundless grace—But thou diest!—This overwhelms my soul—It throws back immortality into the grave! O thou divine SAVIOUR, allow me to weep for thee, and forgive—forgive the soothing tears of an immortal! Yes, O thou dear REDEEMER! thou hast forgiven me.—Forgive me, also, O my pious offspring! for when me, your last groans, when me, your dying sighs curse, as your murderer; then let your hearts bless me; for I am also

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the mother of the SAVIOUR, of the PRINCE
 OF GRACE, of the AUTHOR and the FI-
 NISHER of your faith, who dies that you
 may live! Curse me not then, O my chil-
 dren! for I, when mortal, often shed the
 kindly tear for you, and when my strug-
 gling heart fail'd, for you I dying wept,
 and pour'd forth tears for those who, after
 me, were to sink into corruption. When ye
 now, O my pious, my virtuous children,
 expire, ye shall sleep in JESUS, and be con-
 vey'd to the realms of ineffable delight!—
 convey'd to him, whom ye now see bleed-
 ing on the cross! Then curse not your mo-
 ther, O my children! for though I ren-
 der'd you mortal, JESUS CHRIST is also
 my Son, and he will cloathe you with im-
 mortality! But, O my dear LORD! my RE-
 DEEMER! my best BELOV'D! whose kind-
 ness and grace no words can express, thou
 diest! Oh that this sorrowful hour were
 pass'd, and that thou hadst escap'd from
 pain, to the felicity that awaits thee, at
 the right hand of the MAJESTY ON HIGH.
 —Now my dear JESUS bends his looks on

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me ! O ye seraphims rejoice, he turns his face to me ! Let the gates of Heaven echo back the sound, that the great, the divine REDEEMER once more turns his face to the mother of mortals ! The joys of eternity already shine around me ! I lift up my eyes to the MOST HIGH, the OMNIPOTENT GOD, whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain ! I stretch forth my hands to his belov'd SON ! the BRIGHTNESS of his FATHER's glory, the RESTORER of innocence ! the REVIVER of the dead ! the JUDGE of the earth ! the REDEEMER of man ! and with amazement attempt to express my gratitude : but words cannot describe what I feel : My soul swells with rapture. I am lost in transport, in extasy, in joy unutterable ! Bless the LORD, O my children ! bless the great OMNIPOTENT, the original source of joy, of love, of happiness ! Oh pour out your souls in grateful praise to the LORD your REDEEMER, and everlasting FRIEND. By his bloody sweat in Gethsemane ; by those

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wounds, and that pure blood now shed
for you ; by his drooping head, his dim
and languid eyes, his countenance disfi-
gur'd by pain and approaching death,
I conjure you to love and imitate your
LORD, your FRIEND, your SAVIOUR.
In his name I bless you, O mine off-
spring ! and may the blessing of the LORD
always rest upon you !

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

ELIOA returns from the throne of God, and relates what he has seen. The behaviour of PETER, who joins SAMMA and a stranger, and afterwards successively meets LEEBEUS, his brother ANDREW, JOSEPH and NICODEMUS, and then returns to Golgotha, where he sees JOHN, and the female friends of JESUS. A conversation between ABRAHAM and MOSES. They are join'd by ISAAC. ABRAHAM and ISAAC address the MESSIAH. A cherub conducts the souls of some pious heathens to the cross. CHRIST speaks to JOHN and MARY. ABADDONA, assuming the appearance of an angel of light, comes to the cross; but being known by ABDIEL, flies. OBADDON conducts the soul of JUDAS to the cross, then gives him a distant view of Heaven, and at length conveys him to Hell.

T H E
M E S S I A H.

B O O K IX.

ELOA now fill'd with deep contem-
plation, slowly hover'd over the
pinnacles of the temple, and then came to
the assembly of the progenitors of the hu-
man race: whom he thus address'd:

Before I communicate my thoughts, oh
join in prayer with me. Ere I speak,
I will offer my adorations. All then, with
humble prostration, in silence ador'd the
INFINITE and ETERNAL, and silent rose.
ELOA still continu'd rapt in thought; but
at last said:

To the FIRST of beings, to him whom
no name can express, no thought con-
ceive, I have just soar'd, desiring to see him
face to face, in all his tremendous glory.

I reach'd the suns that gild the radiant path to Heaven, and they were dim'd. I then ascended to the celestial throne, where darkness progressive deepen'd beyond darkness; but no words can express the deepness of the sable cloud, in which the ETERNAL was involv'd, nor the awful terrors with which he was environ'd. I stood amidst the profound silence of the fair creation : I sunk prostrate, adoring the OMNIPOTENT in silence. Thus ELIA spake, and veiling his face, withdrew.

The head of the divine JESUS now hanging on his breast, he seem'd to slumber. The storm of the blasphemous multitude was laid, and all was calm as the ocean reclining on the peaceful shores. Those who rever'd the SAVIOUR walk'd about the skirts of Golgotha, where with weeping eyes, they might obtain a distant view of the REDEEMER. Yet each avoided the others : their afflicted hearts allowing them no tongue for converse, bitter converse adding pain to their distress. Only the belov'd disciple, and the tender mother of

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JESUS, continu'd with each other at the foot of the cross.

The disciple who had sworn that he knew not his divine MASTER, was now walking solitary about the mountain. Thus by the winding shore wanders a son, within sight of a rock on which his father was wreck'd; speechless he walks, with his eyes fix'd on the spot where his tender parent perish'd, and lifting them up to Heaven, bursts into bitter lamentations: PETER now faint with weeping, stood on an eminence near mount Calvary, too weak to express his grief, too weak to lift up his supplicating hands to Heaven. ITHURIEL, his guardian angel, with pity beheld his grief, and infus'd into his heart some drops of consolation. This, though an immortal, was all he could give. The afflicted disciple felt the lenient balm thrill through his soul, and now looking up, with longing eyes, sought his friends, desiring to receive from them reproof and comfort. He stood with his eyes directed towards Jerusalem; for up the hill of

death he did not dare to look. At length, his eyes were drawn aside by a distant murmuring sound, which arose from the strangers, who, being come to the festival, were hasting to obtain a sight of the crucify'd PROPHET. To them PETER went, and among the more silent groupes of people, sought his fellow disciples, but none he found. At length the conversation of two men suspended his search; one of a swarthy complexion, richly dress'd in a foreign robe, ask'd a man of an open countenance, who held by the hand his little son; for what crime the malefactor, on the middle and more lofty cross, was put to death? His crime! said the other, with an air of surprize; He is put to death, because he hath given health to the sick, feet to the lame, ears to the deaf, eyes to the blind! because he reliev'd the possess'd, of which number I was one, and freed us from our torments! because he even rais'd the dead! because by his powerful preaching he open'd to our enraptur'd souls the gates of eternal bliss! because his life was holy, blameless, divine!

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Here seeing PETER, he stretch'd out his hand towards him, and said, This is one of the chosen friends of the great PROPHET, who daily saw and heard from him the words of truth. Do thou inform us, added he, turning to PETER—inform this stranger and me, why they put this divine person to death. Comply, O thou man of GOD! with my request, and turn not away thine eyes from me. Thou know'st him. Thee he lov'd! for thou wast one of his chosen disciples. Brothers have less love for each other, than thou and JOHN have for him.

PETER still turn'd from them, not because he was known; for now he was prepar'd to die; but his being join'd with the faithful JOHN, pierc'd his very soul. My friends, said he at last, with faltering voice, There dies the holy!—Then bursting into tears, he hid himself among the crowd.

Thus he left SAMMA and JOEL, with the favourite of queen CANDACE, the eunuch, afterwards baptiz'd by PHILIP. These fill'd with admiration, now mov'd

slowly towards Golgotha. Mean while, PETER discover'd at a distance LEBBEUS, who stood, leaning with a dejected look, against a wither'd tree, and going towards him, with a faint trembling voice, said, Ah LEBBEUS! hast thou too seen him on the cross? Thou, in thy grief canst dare to lift up thine eyes to him; but I—oh pity—pity my misery!—Here, here it bleeds! added he, laying his hand on his breast: Here my swelling, tortur'd heart bleeds! Will not my dear friend speak to me? Will he not afford me one word of consolation?—Thou art silent—still art thou silent. In vain LEBBEUS strove to give utterance to the strong emotions of his mind. Yet the agitations that appear'd in his countenance, and his falling tears were not speechless. But no comfort could PETER's soul receive from them. With heavy heart he left that affectionate disciple, and depress'd with a new load of woe, again hid himself in the crowd. At length, having once more escap'd from the multitude, he suddenly saw before him his brother ANDREW. Him he would have

shunn'd; but receiving a sign to retire farther from the people, PETER follow'd him, and, on joining him, cry'd, My brother;—my dear brother!—Then embraced him: not indeed with his usual fervour, for with feeble grasp he held him, and hung on his neck weeping. O my dear PETER, return'd ANDREW, with more compos'd affliction; fain would I, but I cannot, suppress my grief! My heart bleeds as well as thine!—I mourn for thee—the best of Men! the most faithful, the most loving Friend! the SON of GOD!—thou—alas!—before his enemies—hast deny'd!

Meek-hearted grief, sacred to him whom he had deny'd, and effusions of cordial thanks for his brother's fidelity, appear'd in PETER's eyes: but speechless were his lips. They then walk'd hand in hand, with their eyes still suffus'd in tears, which scarce allow'd them the power of sight, till, at length, overcome by the languor of grief, their hands sunk, and losing their hold they parted. PETER still disconsolate, and still earnestly breathing after consola-

tion, walk'd alone! but not far: soon he cast his eyes on two persons whom he esteem'd, yet strove to avoid; but was too near. Does the dear disciple of the divine teacher not know us? said JOSEPH of Arimathea. We also, O SIMON! are his disciples. We were so in secret, but now are we ready to acknowledge him before all the people. NICODEMUS, my worthy friend, who cannot be unknown to thee, has boldly declar'd for CHRIST before the Sanhedrim: with unshaken courage he, before them all, spake in his defence: but I, alas! too late acknowledge him. I was intimidated—coward as I was, I did not dare to express my thoughts before that impious assembly! Forbear, dear JOSEPH, said NICODEMUS, to afflict thy tender mind. Thou cam'st away with me, and hast already own'd the divine JESUS. JOSEPH here lifting up his eyes, swimming in tears, to Heaven, cry'd Hear, O hear, Thou GOD, and FATHER of the holy JESUS! the voice of my supplications. Him whom I so faintly own'd

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while he liv'd, may I, before all the world,
undauntedly acknowledge when dead.

Here JOSEPH was silent, His petition
arose to the eternal throne, and with the
grant descended divine grace. NICODE-
MUS now addressing himself to PETER,
said, O SIMON! thy heart seems steep'd in
bitterness, and thou turnest thy face from
us. We share thy grief, we feel like thee,
the death that is now seizing the holiest,
the best of men! Perhaps he is now ex-
piring! But, O thou, his dear disciple! let
thy gracious words pour into our souls an
healing balm; and let not thy melancholy
eye upbraid us with having so long, only in
private, acknowledg'd the divine JESUS—
thy LORD and ours. As a tree seiz'd by the
blustering winds, quivering bends its lofty
top, so PETER, hanging down his head,
stood trembling. Overpower'd by remorse,
he hid his face in his garment. Then fled,
seeking rest in greater pain. He hasten'd back
to Golgotha, and, with labouring steps, a-
seeded the hill. He now more freely
breathes. He ventures to raise his eyes to

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the lofty cross; but not to the awful face of his dying LORD. Under it he beheld, near each other, JOHN and the mother of the sacred victim, motionless, silent, and with eyes which, thro' excess of grief, shed no tears. At a small distance stood many of the faithful, who had followed the SAVIOUR out of Galilee. Though low their birth, though obscure their rank, though mean their appearance, sacred history has transmitted the names of some of that virtuous band to posterity: MARY MAGDALENE, MARY the mother of JAMES and Joses, MARY the mother of the sons of ZEBEDEE, and thou, O MARY, who now didst behold, extended on the cross, thy divine Son, the best and most amiable of the race of men. These, with many others, from the warmth of their affection, ventur'd to stand near their dying LORD.

MARY MAGDALENE had sunk on the ground, longing for death,—Carry'd away by the torrent of her sorrow, she abandon'd every hope; every idea of the SAVIOUR's miracles, and lay impassion'd on the hill, filling the air with her complaints. The

mother of JESUS, tho' herself inconsolable, prompted by the tenderness of her soul, attempted to give her the comfort she herself could not feel; and, with the soft voice of pity, strove to alleviate her distress: but soon the agony of her own grief render'd her silent. Meanwhile the mother of the two sons of ZEBEDEE, pale and faded with grief, stood weeping in the dreary gloom, with uplifted eyes, and wringing her hands, seem'd to say, How long will the divine vengeance be delay'd? Soon will it fall on this cruel people!

But none with more fervor of soul; none with more cordial compassion, view'd the dying JESUS, than the converted criminal. This escap'd not the notice of the immortals, more especially of those who were once of the human race; while the chief object of their exalted sensations was the grace of the REDEEMER. ABRAHAM, enraptur'd with the thought of his salvation, observ'd him with warm affection; till at length the affecting sympathy with which the already happy convert beheld the HOLY SUFFERER, struck the patriarch with

such mingled pity and joy, that, breaking forth from his mute astonishment, he turn'd to MOSES, who stood by his side; and the exalted father of the twelve-trib'd Hebrews, thus spake to the inspir'd legislator, the builder of the tabernacle;

What we, O son! behold—what these few hours display, will furnish us with discourse thro' the endless ages of eternity. Thou sawest the glory of GOD on Horeb; I in Mamre's sacred grove: mild was then its appearance: then the divine lips sounded melodious grace. Thus sweet, thus ravishingly soft was the voice of the SAVIOUR, when he spake pardon to the criminal. O thou pure, thou spotless JESUS, thou suffering MESSIAH, how great is my joy at the redemption thou procurest for sinners, my children! my jubilant songs shall join those of the heavenly host! See how this new disciple smiles at his approaching death! How the mercies of the MOST HIGH—how the divine benevolence of the great REDEEMER swell his struggling heart! How the transports of eternal life beam around him! Yet, tho' the repose

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of a better life is so near, with what soft compassion does he look on the sufferings of his gracious SAVIOUR!—That my abandon'd children should thus ungratefully, with cruel hands, slay the LORD OF LIFE, would, was I mortal, fill me with such grief as to bow me down to the grave! What GABRIEL in vain strove to conceal from me, let me communicate to thee; and then may the dread idea be forever banish'd from my mind. The gracious REDEEMER, who, with the marks of these wounds, shall come to judge the world, has already foretold the fate of these abandon'd sinners: nay, they have imprecated the divine vengeance on themselves. The heathen governor sought to save him, and, with reluctance, pass'd sentence; while they cry'd out, His blood be upon us and our children. Oh that no angel of death had engrav'd the dreadful words on an eternal rock, and plac'd it by the throne of the MOST HIGH. I see—I see nations coming from the ends of the earth to pay homage to the divine JESUS; to listen to his precepts, and to bow before him, their

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LORD and SAVIOUR. But among these I see not my children.

MOSES answer'd, Thou father of ISAAC, of JACOB, and of the faithful who adher'd to the worship of JEHOVAH, when the multitude flock'd to graven images: thou father of her who bore the REDEEMER, and of him who accomplishes the great work of redemption! O ABRAHAM! lift up thine eyes and behold. What I shall say, is to thee already known: but 'tis good frequently to gaze on the fair face of truth. There are a people of judgment and of grace. The UNSEARCHABLE, who points with his right hand to mercy, and with his left to judgment, hath placed the Jews on a rock, that all generations of men, all the sons of the dust, may clearly see that they have the power of chusing life and death; whosoever therefore on observing the monitory rock, will not look up to it to see and learn, is his own destroyer: he condemns himself.

ABRAHAM listen'd with grateful smile to his words, and reply'd, Perhaps, when they have long serv'd as a proof to the nations,

they will forsake the ways of sin, and then the son will no longer bear the iniquities of the father. Then, O MOSES, then perhaps they will return—Sweetest transports flow in upon me, and peace from GOD smiles all around! Oh then will they return to the great REDEEMER! the SAVIOUR of all mankind!—to him who by day in the cloud, and in the night by a pillar of fire, led their forefathers to the land of Canaan, and on the cross now bleeds for them. Return, return, O my children!—return to him who is ready to save!—to him—to him—whom ye are now putting to death!—to the Lamb that will soon be slain!—to eternal life!

Here with supplicating look, he rais'd his eyes to Heaven. ISAAC, his belov'd son, once the comfort of his declining age, seeing him, came in his juvenile form, with a smile of joy, mingled with concern, and instantly cry'd, Ah father, in thy countenance I see the warm emotions of thy mind! But alas! our children cruelly slay him, who sanctify'd himself for them! Yet O JEHOVAH! thou wilt at length have mercy on them! thou wilt bear them, on eagle's

wings to their SAVIOUR ! At this delightful thought felicity comes hovering round me, and extatic bliss rushes upon my exulting soul ! Yet one idea fills me with sacred awe.—Well dost thou remember, when on yonder sacred mount—(for ever sacred let it be to me !)—thou ledst me to the altar. Thy son more chearful than thyself, went by thy side, rejoicing that he was going with thee to sacrifice to the ETERNAL : but when I lay bound on the wood, and the lighted brand, flam'd by my side ; when I lifted up my eyes swimming in tears, to Heaven ; when you gave me the parting kifs ; then turning from me drew the glittering blade, and held destruction over thy son—But I pass over that trying hour, since crown'd with ages of purest joy—Then thine ISSAC was surely chosen to prefigure the sacrifice of the SON of the MOST HIGH—the sacrifice that now bleeds on Golgotha. This fills me with a sweet and rapturous melancholy that overpowers my immortal soul.

Thus ISSAC spake, and ABRAHAM in soft accents reply'd, Let us bow before the

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REDEEMER. Instantly they kneel'd: one of ABRAHAM's arms enclos'd that of his son, and their folded hands were rais'd to Golgotha. The father then cry'd, O thou sacred source of joy to believers! thou SON of the SUPREME FATHER! what have I felt since a mortal mother bore thee at Bethlehem? The angels, lost in astonishment, comprehend not the wonders of thy grace and love. Thou the inspiring theme of their jubilant songs, condescend'ft to shroud thyself in a mean and humble life. Scarce could the spirits on high know thee under the lowly disguise. O thou in whom the brightness of thy FATHER's glory shone! thou hast walk'd the steep, the solitary way of mortality; and now art thou come to its solemn, its momentous period—to thy last; thy most painful sufferings, which, long before I was born on this earth, thou, O my SAVIOUR, and the SAVIOUR of all that come to thee, didst chuse!—didst chuse for man!—and now thou bleed'ft—thou dy'ft!—Oh! thou art far superior to our compassion! Yet w

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feel the great, the dreadful stroke, with which death strikes thee, and at which the immense creation trembles. Have mercy on us, O GOD MOST HIGH! thou spring of never failing mercy and of grace! that we may not too deeply feel the sufferings of thy SON. Have mercy—have mercy on all who rapt in admiration, surround the SAVIOUR—on all, like us, ally'd to the dust.

Here ABRAHAM ceas'd, and both were silent, till ISAAC ask'd, Who are the souls that cherub is leading to the cross? The radiant band approach'd from the distant sky, beautiful as the rising morn. They had quitted their tabernacles of flesh, and came from all the nations of the earth, extending from pole to pole, where their bodies had been consum'd by the quick devouring flames of the funeral pile, or committed to the silent grave. Their hearts were sincere and pure, if the purity of mortals deserves the name. Animated by the love of virtue, fairest ornament of the human mind, and ever lovely in the eyes of the UNIVERSAL PARENT, they pass'd

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thro' this inferior life; but had not been illumin'd by the light of an external revelation. Thousands of these happy souls were led by the meditative cherub, while seiz'd with their first astonishment at the glories of their new state of existence, they with silent rapture ador'd the SOVEREIGN LORD of all, who is no respecter of persons, and whose tender mercies are over all his works. To them the cherub turn'd his face, when ABRAHAM and the other patriarchs heard him thus address the souls, while they approach'd the gloom-surrounded cross.

What ye, blest'd spirits, see, consider with all the powers your new and rapturous sensations will allow. Here is fresh subject for your love, your gratitude, your devout astonishment. None born of woman can without the MEDIATOR, who there bleeds for you, see the ETERNAL. Ye happy souls, to you I now reveal the great mystery of eternity. The divine victim expiring before you is JESUS. He offer'd himself a sacrifice for sinners condemned to die. Though the SON of the MOST HIGH, he was born on earth, born

of a mortal mother, who there stands at the foot of the cross. Fastings, prayers, adorations, instructions, miraculous acts of beneficence, sufferings on sufferings, fill'd up the life of the gracious SAVIOUR: and now—(the joys of eternity hang upon the great event)—now he dies—he dies for all the sons of earth—he dies for you! —Had he not from the beginning been chosen the REDEEMER, all would have dy'd; but through his obedience all shall be made alive. GOD is pleas'd with your sincere endeavours to know and obey him, and, happy souls, for his sake your sincerity is accepted: He whom ye strove to know, has seen your tears; has heard your petitions to be freed from sin, which ye felt, which ye conquer'd, though ye knew not all its evils. Hence your prayers have ascended to the highest Heavens and were acceptable to him who searcheth the hearts of the sons of men. Prostrate yourselves to the bleeding JESUS your FRIEND, your REDEEMER, your INTERCESSOR! Oh give thanks to the great MEDIATOR! to the DISPENSER of

eternal life ! to the suffering JESUS, the
SON of the MOST HIGH GOD !

These souls, fill'd with inexpressible
blissful sensations, mingled with gentle de-
jection and astonishment, sunk in raptu-
rous adoration of the gracious SAVIOUR,
who had lov'd them before the foundation
of the world, and was now dying to per-
fect the redemption of the human race.

SALIM and SELITH, the guardian an-
gels of JOHN and MARY, observing the
grateful prostration of these enraptur'd
souls, SALIM cry'd, How sensible of their
felicity, O SELITH, are these new im-
mortals ! How the joys of Heaven already
flow in upon them ! O my friend ! What
a spectacle worthy of angels ! They are for-
ever deliver'd from the troubles of mortal
life ; from the afflictions which fall so thick
and heavy on the inhabitants of the earth !
Alas ! the dear persons under our care, are
far from enjoying their repose ! They were
lately so fill'd with sublime sensations, as
scarce to feel the heavy clog of mortality ;
but now, those pale cheeks, those agoni-

zing looks, those bleeding wounds, have chill'd the extasies of the mother and the friend! I, O SELITH, also feel them!—I feel the cruel nails that pierce their souls! I, reply'd SELITH, have seen many of the afflicted; but no distress like theirs! Yet is my compassion mix'd with wonder. Is it not strange, that they who are belov'd by the ETERNAL, should thus deeply suffer? yet with pleasure I reflect, that God frequently imparts consolation to his suffering servants, when every ray of hope seems vanish'd. And, O SALIM! if my ardent desire of seeing them again favour'd by divine consolation, does not deceive me, I now see emanations of comfort beaming from the benevolent eyes of the MESSIAH.

Thus spake SELITH. He err'd not; for the REDEEMER would no longer withhold his pity from JOHN and the afflicted MARY; but cast down on them a look, whence reviving effusions stream'd into their fainting souls. Then, inclining his divine face towards them, MARY, with trembling expectation, listen'd, while, to her ear the voice of her gracious SAVI-

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OUR, thus descended : Mother, behold thy Son. Then to the disciple he said, Behold thy Mother ! JOHN and MARY transported, look'd at each other fill'd with surprise, and shedding tears of gratitude.

The dying JESUS still continu'd suspended in keenest torture. An horrid silence encompass'd the hill of death, and the earth incessantly trembled thro' its secret caverns. Yet in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, its latent trepidations were not felt. Once did the concussion reach the rebellious city : but it only rais'd an obscure sensation : something of a distant terror of impending vengeance, for the blood that was then flowing, seiz'd the hearts of the multitude.

The secret convulsions of Nature reach'd a rocky mountain far from Olivet, where into a gloomy cave, ABBADONA had retir'd to mourn in the depths of the earth. He was sitting on the declivity of a subterranean rock, viewing with fix'd attention a torrent which fell at his feet. His listening ear was following the roar of the foam-

ing stream, which flowing from the summit of the lofty mountain, was dash'd from cliff to cliff, when suddenly he felt under him a progressive trembling, and the rocks fell from their aspiring heights. ABBADONA, terrify'd at the convulsive pangs of Nature, cry'd, Does the Earth lament that she has brought forth children? and is she tir'd of bearing her mouldering issue in her bosom, which is now become a perpetual grave to them? Thus throng'd with human bodies, she is within dreadful, while without she is cloath'd with a verdant robe, and adorn'd with blooming flowers. Or, alas! does she lament the great, the divine person, whom I, in midnight darkness, saw in humble prostration, suffering!—Ah, what is his fate! Why do I delay to see him again! Is the heavy hand of awful Justice nearer me, when expos'd on the open earth, than when here? No where can I escape from Justice! should I fly from the creation, still would she follow me? I will then seek him, I will see the issue of his dreadful sufferings, and penetrate

into the mystery of this great event—But if he is always encompass'd by this heavenly host, how shall I approach him? How sustain their looks? Dare I to imitate their splendor? Dare I to transform myself into an angel of light? Alas! the GOD OF TRUTH, would with his pointed lightning, strip off the disguise, and the angels, see me in my hideous form. But SATAN has been permitted to appear like an angel of light! he who has provok'd the MOST HIGH by greater crimes—by incessant acts of deepest guilt! Ah this disguise is not to conceal any base design, harbour'd in my tortur'd heart! But shall ABBADONA use disguise?—Retire, retire, O wretch, rejected and forlorn!—retire, and in secret contemplate thy misery!—Am I excluded then from going? and must I not know the end of his wonderful sufferings?—But, how should I be able to behold the looks of the angels and not fly?

Thus fluctuating, and still dubious, he arose from the cavern: but scarce had he alighted on the surface of the earth, when

with astonishment he drew back : for then seeing her involv'd in the dreadful gloom of night, he cry'd, with a tremulous voice, At mid-day, overspread with such thick darkness ! Is the earth ripe for judgment ? Is she now to be destroy'd ? Doth the OMNIPOTENT hold her in the hollow of his hand ?—But wherefore ? Does the wonderful Sufferer lie bury'd in her bosom ? and does GOD require him of her sons ?—But can the MESSIAH die ?—Wherever I turn, perplexity dwells on each new idea. Much better is it for me to haste, and seek him—to see, and, by that means, to learn, than to sit alone, lost in fruitless conjectures.

Thus resolv'd, he stood on the tree-crown'd summit of a lofty mountain, and amidst the shrouding darkness, long with quick eye, sought the holy city ! At length he perceiv'd it, when through the hovering clouds, it seem'd like a heap of ruins. Now, trembling, he tries to assume a bright ethereal form, and all the

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juvenile beauty with which he shone in the blissful vale of peace: but awkward is the imitation. Radiant tresses, indeed, flow beneath his shoulders, which are adorn'd with golden wings; within his eyes he retains his tears, and the lustre of the dawning day overspreads his lucid countenance. Thus array'd in beauty, he, with trembling flight, chuses his way through the thickest gloom. In traversing the coast of the Dead Sea, he hears an unusual noise in the agitated waters: with the roar of the waves are intermingled the groans of anguish, and the howls of despair. So, when guilty cities are swallow'd up by an earthquake, there resounds from the opening abyss, the cries of the dying, mix'd with the fall of polluted temples and marble palaces; at which the pale traveller, fill'd with terror, flies. Thus the affrighted ABBADONA hears the roaring of the Dead Sea, mingled with the groans and bellowing of SATAN and ADramelech. He knows them,

and with fluttering wing, leaves the doleful shores.

He now draws near to the angelic circle. At the august appearance he is suddenly overpower'd by an insurmountable terror, and his mimic lustre fades. The angels solely immers'd in the contemplation of the holy, the dying MESSIAH, observ'd not his approach: but he escap'd not ELOA's piercing eye. He instantly knew him, and thus said to himself, The forsaken of GOD, this fearful, soul-tormented seraph, would then behold the crucify'd Jesus! Already has he seen his passion in the garden. He seeks him again!—How restless—how miserable is his state!—A prey to incessant remorse! Long, very long, has he been dissolv'd in these bitter tears of anguish!—O GOD, thou SOVEREIGN JUDGE, all thy purposes on ABBA-DONA thou wilt accomplish! Thy ways are ever just and righteous. Then in humble prostration, he pray'd in silence. On his rising, he made a sign to an angel, who instantly stood before him. Haste, blessed

spirit, said ELOA, haste to the angels, and to the progenitors of the human race, and thus address them. ABBADONA trembling and anxious, is drawing towards us. Should he venture to mingle with you ; oh forbid him not ; for in extreme distress he comes, to obtain an awful view of the REDEEMER. Let none order him to fly. Let none discountenance a mind so humbled. Indulge him in this afflictive alleviation of his anguish. About the cross are greater sinners than ABBADONA.

The fallen seraph hover'd, trembling, about the angelic assembly. He hesitated ; flutter'd forward ; stopt ; alighted on the ground. He was suddenly desirous of returning back. He then animated himself with the thought, that none but the MESSIAH could be encompass'd by so spacious, so pompous a circle of angels. He now flew amidst them. The angels turn'd and saw him : they saw the faint disguise. ABBADONA wore a ghastly smile ; a lustre that irradiates none of the bless'd,

and with fluttering wing, leaves the doleful shores.

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mingled with fix'd horror and predominant grief, which he strove in vain to conceal. With silent commiseration they suffer'd him to pass, and he approach'd the cloud-topp'd hill! but seeing those on each cross, he swiftly turn'd aside. No, I will not see them, said he; I will not see the faces of the dying! Their sufferings pierce me too deep, and present to my thoughts images of horror! too loudly do they accuse me to the SOVEREIGN JUDGE! Unhappy creatures! my companions in guilt and misery, who have render'd yourselves so guilty that your own brethren have made you such terrible examples!—But I will not enquire whether the justice or cruelty of those like yourselves have inflicted on you this dreadful death—Let me fly—Let me escape from this distressful sight. But where shall I find him whom I seek? This assembly of the heavenly host has not descended to the earth in vain: they doubtless encircle him. He is then in this sacred place: but where?

When I saw him in the garden it was covered with an horrible darkness—that on this hill, strew'd with bones, is still more horrible. But can he not be seen?—O that some angel would point him out!—Dare I, unhappy, ask an angel to shew me him?—Did they know me by this tremor, by this melancholy confusion, they would order me to retire:—But rapt in divine contemplations on this holy person, they observe not me—Ah, wretch! how debas'd art thou! thou dar'st not lift up thy bashful eye to the faithful ministers of GOD; and yet on this hill of skulls presumest to appear before them, while adorn'd with all their radiant splendor! Perhaps here, where dying malefactors afford the most manifest proof of the fall of man, JESUS concludes his earthly sufferings. Perhaps, prostrate among human bones, he is here offering up his supplications to the SOVEREIGN JUDGE. Ah, must I again turn my face towards this mount of death!

He then turn'd, hovering slow and timid
 around the hill, till descending, he sought
 with quick and piercing eye under the
 crosses. There he found JOHN, and care-
 ful watch'd his looks.—Mean while the
 gracious SAVIOUR still hung on the dar-
 ken'd cross, and every feature of his ago-
 nizing countenance seem'd to wish for
 the repose of the grave.

ABBADONA at length recovering from
 his first emotions,—softly cry'd, It is im-
 possible—It is impossible—It cannot be—
 He die!—It is impossible! But why do I
 delay to obtain conviction? Then lifting
 up his eyes, he suddenly added, I see him
 —I am not deceiv'd—It is he!—Yes, it
 is he!—he whom I saw on the mount of
 Olives, prostrate, weeping, and pouring
 out his soul in prayer for man!

He now sunk upon the hill, and re-
 sum'd, Here will I in the dust wait the
 issue of this solemn tremendous scene, and
 if I may be permitted, will see the divine
 SUFFERER die!—Ah what is this that
 arises in my mind like the opening dawn
 of rest? Is it the stupefaction of anguish,

or a ray of reviving hope?—of the best hope I dare entertain—the hope of annihilation! Oh deceive me not, thou mere ideal hope—Thou dost not—Thou art more than imaginary. Methinks I now dare fly to the SOVEREIGN JUDGE, and humbly implore him to grant me annihilation! Ah then I shall be no more!—No more shall feel the burning torment! Then at once will my existence cease! I shall be blotted from the race of immortal beings! be forgotten by the angels, by the whole creation, by GOD himself! Behold, I bow my head, O JEHOVAH! to thine omnipotence; and do thou, my SOVEREIGN JUDGE condescend to exterminate me from thy creation by an invisible touch of thine almighty hand, or by a subtil blaze darted from thy refulgent splendor.

Such were the supplications of ABBADONA, which he presum'd to hope would be accomplish'd. Fill'd with mingled joy and terror, he glided along the earth, and look'd up to the bloody cross, to the dying REDEEMER, visible in obscurity, striving to retain his borrow'd splendor. But

while he thus strove, and his fears and terrors still return'd, he perceiv'd hovering on the right side of the more lofty cross, his belov'd, now his dreadful ABDIEL, once his friend, his brother: for with him was he created. Surrounding gloom instantly veil'd from his sight the radiant circle of angels, and to him the whole creation appear'd too narrow. Every apertinence of an happy immortal, all the graces, all the powers of a fair ethereal spirit, he suddenly strove to assume, to prevent his being known by ABDIEL; and hasting as if dispatch'd on some high behests, from remote worlds to others more remote, he had stopp'd, but dar'd not stay; he thus, with quick speech, address'd himself to ABDIEL.

Tell me, dear seraph, (for thou, perhaps, mayst know) when will the SAVIOUR expire? I am order'd to be expeditious; yet, wherever I am, I could wish, with the lowliest adorations, to solemnize that important moment.

ABDIEL, at hearing his voice, turn'd towards the unhappy, and, with a gravity

soften'd by compassion, answer'd ABBA-
DONA!—As the face of a blooming youth
blasted by a sulphureous flash darted from
the clouds, is suddenly overspread by the
livid paleness of death, so gloom issuing
from the abyss, instantly cover'd the face
of ABBADONA. All the heavenly host
beheld his transformation. When, struck
with fear and shame, he suddenly flew,
with rapidity, from the bright circle of
the celestial spirits, unable to bear their
looks or their splendor.

The fallen seraph ascended far into the
sky, and then sunk down on a mountain,
from whence at the same time arose on the
opposite side a spirit, far more black and
miserable than he who had fled. One of
the bright inhabitants of Heaven seeing
him, said to his companion, Who is
that wretch accurs'd (advancing towards
us, from yonder hill? How has the hand
of Justice branded his wrinkled front!
How is he deform'd by odious guilt! Yet
he presumes to fly towards this bright
assembly!—But see, the mighty OBBAD-

DON is driving forward the wretched spirit.
Ah, it is the ghost of the traitor !

Now the angel of death brought the trembling caitif near to the cross; and all the celestials saw him so black, that he seem'd a spot in the darkness which encompass'd the globe. He appear'd as distress'd with agonizing terror, as if, wherever he flew, over him enkindling lightnings blaz'd, and under him the earth open'd, while that darted at his head avenging fires; and this, with equal fury prepar'd to swallow him. Thus, with wild anguish, the soul of JUDAS approach'd the cross, with his eyes fix'd on OBADDON! who, waving in his right hand his flaming sword, drove him, reluctant; till, alighting on a sable cloud, he, with imperious voice, thus spake:

Behold! there lies Bethany—here the palace of CAIAPHAS—here below, the house where thou, ungrateful, didst partake of the memorials of the SAVIOUR's death—There is Gethsemane—that is thy carcase—Dost thou tremble?—tremble still—but open not thy mouth in

curfes. Here ftretching out the flaming fword towards the middle crofs, which rofe pre-eminent, he added, That is JESUS CHRIST, once thy LORD!—He dies!—he dies for men! to fweeten their life, their death! to deliver them from torment like thine, and to exalt them to the regions of eternal blifs! Thofe wounds, whence flow his redeeming blood, fhall fhine, with enrapturing luftre, when he comes to judge the world! Now turn, thou wretched fpirit, and follow me. Overwhelm'd with defpair, JUDAS turn'd afide, and OBBADON quick reliev'd the angelic circle from a fight fo hateful. They now wing their way among the ftars. The traitor is terrify'd at the immense extent of the filent creation. The dread idea of the omniprefent GOD rushes upon his mind with all its terrors; and long he trembles before he dares to utter this request:

O thou moft dreadful of the angels! let me entreat—let me implore thee not to carry me to the throne of the ETERNAL JUDGE—but, with that dread flaming fword, to put an end to my wretched being,

Obey; and be silent, said OBADDON, driving him forward, till at length, at his command, he stood on one of the suns, and near him that angel of death. There he shew'd the traitor the Heaven of Heavens, where the MOST HIGH visibly displays his glory, and the bless'd enraptur'd spirits enjoy the beatific vision. Tho' the throne of GOD was now encompass'd with sacred darkness, and instead of eternal hallelujahs, and the triumphant joy of the saints, reign'd stillest silence: yet Heaven was still worthy of being the residence of Him who is the AUTHOR of all beauty, the SOURCE of all perfection, and to the most exalted of the bless'd, was still the region of boundless joy, of ineffable felicity: This, said OBADDON to the wretched spirit, is the Heaven of the MOST HIGH GOD, the theatre on which he displays the most blissful manifestations of his exuberant glory, which he graciously imparts to those who make him the object of their grateful love. At present the ETERNAL hides his face from all finite beings, and sits shrouded on his throne in sacred ob-

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scurity: but still mine eyes perceive the divine glory. That celestial, that blooming mountain is call'd Sion; upon its top he who now dies for man will often shew himself resplendant in grace, to those who on earth, were his pious followers. Those twelve golden thrones thou seest on Sion, shining like the sun in its splendor, were, by the august REWARDER of virtue appointed for the twelve faithful disciples of the divine JESUS: and, seated on these, they shall one day judge the earth. Thou wast one of his disciples. That throne was thine. But thou hast forfeited the seat of bliss; and it will be given to another more worthy. Sue not for destruction. Fruitless are all thy lamentations. Behold, so many of the celestial glories as thine eyes are able to discover, so many torments has GOD measur'd out to thee. In vain, feeble wretch, thou strivest to forbear looking up to Heaven. Learn to know the omnipotence of the SUPREME JUDGE. Like a rock in the sea, which no storm can move, shalt thou here stand and contemplate, that JESUS CHRIST dies on the cross

to raise those who love him to this Heaven: to this state of unutterable glory.

At these words OBADDON left him, and flew up towards Heaven, till arriving at one of the celestial suns he pray'd. At length rising from his orisons, and returning to the traitor, who stood wildly gazing and fill'd with unutterable misery, he cry'd, Away, thou wicked spectre, I now lead thee to Hell, thine everlasting dwelling. Thus with the hoarse voice of terror sounding like redoubled claps of thunder, spake the angel of death, and then precipitated his flight down towards Hell. From afar they heard the noise of the infernal deep, which roaring struck the confines of the creation and undulated to the nearest stars. In that space where God has set bounds to infinitude, Hell rolls her torrents of liquid fire. There no order submissive reigns above or below; no law of motion swift or slow. Sometimes with unusual rapidity they move, such is the command of the SOVEREIGN JUDGE, to punish the fresh crimes of her inhabitants with flames more vehement, and sharper darts of ever-dying

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death. Now with rageful impatience, and hideous sound, mingled with groans, and yells, and shrieks, they fly up into the wide expanse. Mean while the traitor and his potent guide quit the confines of the fair creation, and all the worlds innumerable, and, with extended wings, sink down to the gates of Hell. The angel of death station'd there knows OBADDON, sees the criminal writhing and struggling to escape, while the dread of the flaming sword forces his reluctant submission. He unfolds the wide adamantine gates, which harshly grating with jarring sound impetuously turn their broad hinges, and at once discover the deep the dread abyss tremendous and most horrible. Not mountains heap'd on mountains would fill up the enormous entrance : these would only render the passage more rugged. No path leads down to Hell's hideous deeps. Close by the gate rocks cleft with gusts of liquid fire, fall down in ruins wild, while Dismay pale and giddy at what is seen and heard, looks speechless down with eyes wide staring and face aghast, into the

flaming gulph. The executioner of the divine vengeance, with the infernal JUDAS, stood at this gaping grave: the grave where Death never dies — never sleeps. The seraph then turning aside, pointed his flaming sword down into the deep abyfs, and cry'd, This is the abode of the damn'd, and this, O wretch! is thine abode! JESUS CHRIST, once thy gracious LORD, descended from Heaven, liv'd a life of sorrow, breathing benevolence and love to man, and is now dying on the cross, to save mankind from this place of everlasting woe!

Thus he spake, and hurl'd the struggling spectre into the abyfs. Then with rapidity soar'd from the precincts of the fiery deep, to the fair creation. Now he comes to the altar on which the divine victim was offer'd; and stands waiting farther orders from the OMNIPOTENT.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD looks down from his throne, while the MESSIAH, calls his eyes on the sepulchre, and prays; then with a look fills SATAN and ADRAMELECH with terror. Many elevated souls are now given to the earth, one of whom delivers his thoughts of the dying REDEEMER. A character of these souls. A conversation between SIMEON and JOHN the Baptist. MIRIAM and DEBORAH lament the dying SAVIOUR in a hymn. LAZARUS comforts LEBBEUS. URIEL gives notice that the first of the angels of death is descending to the earth. The impression this makes on ENOCH, ABEL, SETH, DAVID, JOB, and more particularly on our first parents, who descend to the sepulchre of JESUS, and pray. The angel of death descends, addresses the MESSIAH, and makes known the divine command. The MESSIAH dies.

THE
MESSIAH.

BOOK X.

STILL farther do I travel in my tremendous path, still nearer draw to the SAVIOUR'S death—to his death who breath'd nought but love divine, and whose love supports my fainting powers. O let me not, presumptuous, too boldly sing the great REDEEMER! nor without solemn dignity attune my song! Look down propitious, on me, who am but dust, O thou, by whose omnipotence I am environ'd! Thou seest all the conceptions of my mind, ere into thought they rise, nor is there a word that trembles on my tongue to thee unknown. O my REDEEMER! enlighten me, and when I stumble forgive! A ray of thy light, a drop

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of thy grace is to the famish'd soul fulness,
and to its thirst, the refreshing stream.

The throne, which was wont to shine serene in visible beauty, now stood involv'd in the thickest gloom of night: solitary it stood, around it no immortal ador'd, save an angel of death, who prostrate beneath the lowest step, with rais'd hands and suppliant eyes, look'd up with fix'd attention. Meanwhile JEHOVAH through the bright dust of scatter'd suns, and worlds obscure, through silent nature look'd, with awful view, understood or felt by none but him on whom the eternal eye was fix'd. Death, now so near, the SAVIOUR's whole frame pervades. The worlds tremble thro' all their secret powers. Troubled, enraptur'd, silent, stand all the immortals, contemplating the SON of GOD, on whose divine face a more deadly paleness sits. His weary languid eyes are faintly cast on his near sepulchre, hewn out of a lonely rock among trees of ancient growth, and with a mind still fill'd with benignity and soft compassion, which no pain could

expel, he thus pours forth in secret sighs
the yet warm thoughts of his expiring
soul. There in the sleep of death soon
wilt thou, my body, lie. For this I as-
sum'd thee. Yet tho' thou shalt lie down
in death, thou shalt not see corruption.
O my gracious FATHER! "wipe every
"tear from every eye" that shall then
weep for me!—Have pity on them, when
thou shalt bring them to their latest hour!
—Have pity on all who believe in thy
belov'd SON, who now dies for the sins
of the world! O FATHER! have com-
passion on all who, in their struggles with
death, shall fly to thee for grace and con-
solation. Have compassion on those, who
shall be brought by many tribulations to
the grave: who in poverty shall live, and yet
shall not deny thee: who while they keep a
conscience void of offence both towards
thee and towards man, shall become the
scorn and mockery of sinners: who, true to
their friends, bless even their enemies: who,
by their actions, shew their love to their

brethren, their love to mankind! Have compassion on those, who undazzled by the honours, the wealth, the dignities of life, shall use them for the good of others; themselves regardless of the glittering toys, and all the distinctions of vanity. Oh be merciful to those who, loaded by thy gifts, shall constantly employ them in thy service, and to thy glory: in their last hour shew them the light of thy countenance: when their eyes sink in death, and their aspiring souls are ready to take their flight to their great CREATOR, then visit them with thy consolations, and receive them to the world of eternal peace, and joy. O holy FATHER! GOD OF LOVE! by the blood which flows from these wounds, on which my body is suspended; by the enlanguin'd crown of thorns that encircles my head, and by all my agonies and sufferings, I conjure thee, in the name of that love that has induc'd me to suffer the ignominy and death of the cross, to accomplish the salvation of mankind, to hear me, and grant that they

whom I love may remain faithful to the end—may die in comfort, and rising to eternal life, receive the bright crown of unfading and immortal glory.

Thus silent pray'd the great, the dying MESSIAH. Then turning his benevolent eyes from the sepulchre, he look'd with stern brow on the Dead Sea, where lay SATAN and ADRAMELECH. His eyes now darted convulsive terrors and deep dismay into the depths of that tempestuous lake, and both the apostate spirits sunk in the lowest misery. Then was fulfill'd the sentence of the ETERNAL, that The SEED of the Woman should bruise the Serpent's head. SATAN in the midst of his anguish stamp'd into atoms one of the subterranean rocks, and intermingling his faltering accents with languid howlings, thus began:

Feel'st thou, like me, the inflam'd, unquenchable tortures, which death, eternal death, pours into the deepest recesses of this immortal substance? In vain would I give thee an idea of what I suffer: but Hell affords not images so frightful, so terrible,

as to enable me to describe what I suffer. Judge my anguish that will allow me to be sensible of no other joy than that of seeing thee suffer! Judge my humiliation, and the excess of my despair, when, in spight of myself, I am fore'd to acknowledge that he is omnipotent!—Yes, he is omnipotent, and I the blackest monster of the abyss! The lowest—the lowest I lie, and all Hell is upon me! With all its torments am I oppress'd! to all the terrors of the fiery gulph, my boasted empire, am I abandon'd!—But did he, by his thunders precipitate us into this gulph? No, an angel bid us fly—our boasted courage sunk, and we like cowards fled!—But in whose name did his messenger utter that command?—Oh! what new vengeance threatens my rebellious head!—The great name I dare not utter! He in whose name we fled—he whom we persecuted, now perhaps dies! A new, a more fiery dart of destruction flies with this thought thro' all my immortal powers. Darkness on darkness furrounds me. The obscure mystery

affords not the least glimmering ray—Ah! this is misery — all, all around me is misery! Even the hope, the wretched, the agonizing hope of annihilation vanishes. Ye worlds, and thou Heaven, turn ye to chaos—be confounded with Hell! and hide me from the wrath of the OMNIPOTENT.

The proud ADramelech, could scarce with sobbing anguish and despairing look, reply, Help me—thou accurs'd, help me. I suffer the pangs of ever-dying death. Once I could hate thee with furious hatred, but now I can no more!—I sink under the excess of my misery!--I would curse thee, but cannot; I would curse myself for imploring help of thee! O monster!—O SATAN! help me, I conjure thee help me!—This he utter'd bellowing loud, and laying his iron hands on SATAN; continu'd, It would be a satisfaction to me to detest, and to curse thee—I will—I will. Here fainting with the effort, he sunk and fell.

Thus both experienc'd the vengeance
sent forth from the mighty VICTOR; and
so far Terror stretch'd her crushing arm,
that the lowest Hell resounded with the
howlings of despair.

O muse of Sion! no farther unveil the
dreary abodes of pain and horror. Ano-
ther and a nobler scene opens before thee,
a scene of sacred melancholy, of holy ado-
ration, and of grace divine.

JESUS now turning his eyes from the
Dead Sea, view'd the celestial bands that
dissolv'd in pious grief, and rapt in sacred
wonder, surrounded the cross. The soft
sensations of eternal love appear'd in the
looks of the divine SAVIOUR! and long
did they dwell on those souls who had ne-
ver enter'd a mortal frame, or sanctify'd the
dust. Now approach'd one of those hap-
py periods in which the earth was bleis'd
with many noble minds, that spread their
influence through future ages. 'Tis true,
the fame of virtuous deeds doth not always
float along the stream of time: yet the
great effects of fair examples are seen

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conquering disgust and error; and, with a progress secret but sure, flowing into the deeds of posterity. Thus, though the stone thrown into water sinks, on the surface wider and still wider circles, quivering spread around. Now one of the most exalted of those unembod'ed spirits perceiving a glimpse of the light, which during her stay on earth, was to beam pure sanctification and radiant truth, thus indulg'd her thoughts.

Still more and more do I feel, that he is the great MESSIAH. Innumerable and powerful as the suns that gild the starry fields of light whence we came, but with influence much more benign, are the thoughts I read in his countenance. — But how different is his appearance from that of our friends the angels! — Ah he resembles the men by whom he is surrounded; but in his form alone he resembles them. In their faces is something gloomy, and averse to their CREATOR. Ah! what is man! We must also be of their number.

like them we must be cloath'd in mortal bodies; like them must live a while and then return to the ETERNAL. O thou FATHER of angels and of men, be thy decrees accomplish'd! Thy divine will be done! and thine, O thou MESSIAH! Of all that is difficult to conceive, this is most inconceivable, that thou, once array'd in thy FATHER's glory, sufferest—There thou, rais'd above the hill, art suspended; there thy passing life seems to flow away; and ye angels who once resolv'd my questions, are now silent. Yet within myself I feel that this departing life, to which, O thou divine! hast condescended to submit, is of importance to me—to me, perhaps of more importance, than to the flaming seraph—I love the suffering MESSIAH more than I can tell. O my GOD, accomplish what thou hast begun, complete my inflam'd, my continual, my devout breathings after felicity! Thou alone, O thou INFINITE SOURCE of perfection, art my felicity! In thy presence is eternal joy.

Thus meditated the transported spirit,
and not fruitless were its meditations.
God, who oft in distant periods prepares
what he is determin'd to accomplish, thus
forms the soul for a life of probation, and
for the succeeding joys of eternal, ineffa-
ble felicity.

Let time now fly with joyful wings.
Around the cross stood waiting with de-
vout fervor, the future guardians of the
souls who drew near to a mortal life.

Trembling with solicitous joy, the at-
tendant angels stood, while from the RE-
DEEMER'S eye issu'd the great command,
Go and live; believe and overcome.
Their angels then smiling, receiv'd their
charge and led them forth.

Relate, O Sion's muse! their life: re-
late their gifts, and graces, while, dwelling
in tabernacles of clay, they pass'd their
mortal pilgrimage, in sacred love and pi-
ous ardour; imitating the bright exam-
ple of their SAVIOUR. The effects of the
new sensations they had experienc'd on be-
holding JESUS on the cross, took root in

all, and at length unfolding with their increasing perceptions, became mingled with the resplendent grace that flows from above.

One of the fairest of these souls was that of TIMOTHY. He was yet in the bloom of youth, when he began, with humble and ardent zeal to watch over the church committed to his care, and, undaunted, ventured to preach a dying, a risen JESUS. He was instructed by PAUL who brought to him the knowledge of the LORD, out of that awful, that dazzling light which beam'd conviction. The pure soul of TIMOTHY learnt, with tremulous joy, the way to eternal felicity, and taught it to thousands. Thousands too were converted by his death; when, having nobly finish'd his course, he fell by the executioner's sword. Like PAUL and CEPHAS, he shone in the church as a bright resplendent luminary.

Thou, ANTIPAS, didst early receive the glorious rewards prepar'd for the faithful. Then the JUDGE of the earth, in

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his sentence on the church of Patmos,
mention'd thine immortal name. With
inflexible fidelity, with pure, with warm
affection thou lov'dst thy crucify'd LORD,
lov'dst him till death.

HERMAS, with tears of joy, sang the
MEDIATOR.—Sang him who dy'd, who
rose again, who ascended on high, and led
captivity captive.—Sang the SON of GOD,
the SAVIOUR of frail and mortal man—
The SON of GOD, who shall raise the
dead, and judge the world. His hymns
were sung by Christians retired to solitary
caves, when HERMAS receiving an inti-
mation of the will of the MOST HIGH,
left the choir of his rejoicing brethren,
joyfully suffer'd death, and went to join
the more exalted choir above.

PHEBE, desirous of doing good, and
winning souls, left the narrow limits that
confine her sex, and generously devoted
herself to the service of the church. She
kindly strove to remove the distresses of
the indigent; to help the sick; to comfort
the dying. Heaven-born Charity, her dear

companion, was always with her; but she fled from applause, and was known only to the pious, and to the angels.

From every fluctuating doubt of false wisdom, HERODIAN was at length freed; and convinc'd, that he who was not more exalted by his miracles than by the sublime truths he publish'd, had made known the ETERNAL FATHER'S will; dispers'd the shades of death, and mark'd the path that leads to Heaven. Through what intricate mazes of thorny speculation did he wander, before he reach'd the light which God, at length, pour'd around him! In what painful, what fruitless researches did he engage, before he found the lightness of the scale of human knowledge, and the preponderating weight of that of heavenly wisdom!

EPAPHRAS was powerful in prayer. Like PAUL, he was esteem'd worthy to suffer for the sake of the crucify'd JESUS. He was thrown into the prison of a tyrant. The prison heard his prayers for the churches, and the blessings deriv'd from

his supplications chiefly stream'd down on his belov'd Colossians. With them he watch'd and strove with unwearied diligence. His zeal and fervor were bless'd with success. They flourish'd and spread their branches, they blossom'd and brought forth the fruits of sanctification, righteousness and peace. Laodicea too, partook of the benefits of his instructions, and by his exhortations and prayers many souls were inflam'd with love to the crucify'd SAVIOUR. But at last Laodicea sunk into a cool indifference. The belov'd disciple of Jesus then sent from Patmos the sentence of the JUDGE, which was mingled with mercy and with grace. On her repentance he promis'd that she should still be cloath'd in white garments, and still receive the victor's crown.

PERSIS was one of those favourites of Heaven whom GOD, through tribulation, leads to eternal rest. Resign'd amidst her sufferings, she mingled her tears of affliction with those of gratitude and joy, when in silent prayer she pour'd out her soul to her MAKER and FRIEND.

Not from a love of fame, the partial, the lukewarm rewarder of Virtue, often her cruel persecutor, and malevolent slanderer, was APELLES actuated; nor from a fondness for the esteem of the wife, who however sagacious, know not the secret springs of action; for the act alone is visible to the bodily eye, the intention only to the mind of the agent. His love of the OMNISCIENT, whose piercing view penetrates the secret purposes of the soul, with the exalted rewards promis'd to the pure in heart, were the animating motives that excited him to practise the most exalted virtues.

The merit of FLAVIUS CLEMENS arose not from his divesting himself of the lustre deriv'd from his affinity to CÆSAR. It was easy to despise the tyrant: but the courtiers accused him of being immers'd in indolence unbecoming a Roman; of being dead to business, honour, and his country. His noble soul, though not insensible to the sting of these reproaches, still persever'd in his adherence to the duties of christianity, duties which he

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esteem'd the most exalted and sublime.
Thus he became worthy of the martyr's
crown. Fain would he have perform'd
nearer the throne those actions which in-
structed and animated the saints; but
knowing that his generous labours for the
good of mankind, would there be lost on
servile flatterers, and their luxurious lord,
he confin'd himself within a more con-
tracted sphere, and enjoy'd the opportu-
nity of doing good, and improving his
immortal soul.

Lucius, though wrapp'd in the en-
tangling net of business, with a mind free
and undisturb'd, discharg'd his duty with
unweary'd zeal; neither proud of his me-
rit, nor discourag'd when the seed he
sow'd seem'd not to shoot. Sedulous in
redeeming time, he knew how to banish
the world; to spare some sacred hours
for prayer and meditation; some happy
hours for the gentle offices of meek-ey'd
Mercy and of smiling Charity; and
through this pleasing course enter'd into
life eternal.

Ye females emulate the virtues of TRYPHENA. Ye also live among unbelievers. Her tender heart felt the purest, the noblest, the most virtuous passion. The youth was beautiful, and adorn'd with every amiable quality; but he sacrific'd to idols, and was inflexibly attach'd to their worship. TRYPHENA apprehended danger from his easy-flowing eloquence, and still more from the soft passion that swell'd her heart: she therefore struggled and triumph'd over it. Serenity and joy were the rewards of her pious resolution, not to hazard a soul destin'd for immortality.

LINUS, who before his martyrdom, bravely disdain'd to accept of proffer'd life, purchas'd by apostacy, was superior to the frivolous enjoyments which too often ensnare even the good. When alone, he employ'd himself in searching his own heart; and when in company with his friends, who had pure and noble sentiments, he lov'd to compare their actions with the examples and precepts of the words of God, the original source of sublime thoughts and heavenly sentiments. He lov'd to

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disperse the gloom that hovers o'er the grave, and to lose himself in the bright extatic prospect of a resurrection to eternal glory.

IGNATIUS loaded with chains and condemn'd to suffer death, by the order of TRAJAN, who on this occasion forgot his natural humanity, triumph'd in bearing ignominy for his belov'd LORD. No meaner reproach could be brought against this great, this exalted saint, than his too earnestly striving for the honours that encircle the martyr's brow. The eagerness of the sons of Vice and Folly in pursuit of pleasure, could only exceed the ardour with which he long'd to obtain the radiant crown; if there can be excess in aspiring after such a prize. His setting glories shone with the same mild influence, as that with which they rose. How valuable is the conclusion of the life of a Christian! How beautiful to his companions in the victory, appears the sweat of the conqueror, when he has obtain'd his prize, and the great reward is ready! He strengthen'd, he animated with the prospect of e-

ternal felicity, the brethren who flock'd once more to see him, and to receive his last blessing. Those whom his eyes, swimming in the kindly drops of joy, could not behold, by his letters he exhorted, comforted, and inflam'd with love to the divine REDEEMER, till being cruelly dragg'd to the amphitheatre, he was there, by wild beasts, torn in pieces.

The parents of the young and amiable CLAUDIA were heathens; heathens were her brothers and sisters. Her father was a man of probity; affectionate was her mother; her brother and sisters were worthy of esteem. CLAUDIA lov'd them, and shar'd their love. Yet she alone became a Christian. She then lamented their error, and boldly persevering, in spite of opposition, dy'd in the faith of her LORD.

Far from the busy world liv'd AMPLIAS, who, to a deep knowledge of human frailty, united an ardent and steady desire to fulfil the great, the astonishing command, Be ye perfect, even as your heavenly FATHER is perfect. From the radiant seats of Heaven stream'd this injunction,

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like a divine light on the inhabitants of the duff. He look'd, he never turn'd from the narrow gate thro' which it beam'd; but with vigorous perseverance, falling and rising, climb'd the rugged steep.

PHLEGON had travell'd over the bright circle of Grecian literature, and great were his earthly possessions; yet that did not inflate him with vanity, nor these sink him into voluptuousness. Wherever he directed his steps, silent flow'd the balm of humanity. He cloath'd the naked; he gave health to the sick: he lavish'd blessings still more precious, these were salutary counsels to the diseases of the mind, diseases worse than those of the body. He dispens'd healing comfort to the soul entangled in the web of doubts, and many wavering Christians, who were ready to forsake the bleeding FRIEND of the human race, he brought back into the path to Heaven. From real humility, he seem'd a stranger to worldly wisdom, and to know nothing but JESUS — JESUS the REDEEMER from sin, the surest support in life and in death! but

to his brethren, perplex'd in doubts and scruples, his profound knowledge flow'd like an inexhaustible spring, and the thirsty traveller was refresh'd with copious draughts.

TRYPHOSA, kind by nature, and still more kind from duty, was the best of mothers. She carefully instructed her offspring in the knowledge of CHRIST. Indefatigable in the resources of prudence and virtue she finish'd the work she was appointed to perform; and was an ornament to the church: yet her many good actions were conceal'd. But scarce had she brought forth her last son, when she expir'd weeping. She bewail'd him, and dy'd. Then the blessing of the ETERNAL descended on her family. Her elder sons educated the infant; who, at length, dy'd a martyr. The seraphs receiv'd the happy spirit from the arms of death: they ascended in triumph; and, with extatic joy, she welcom'd her son on his arrival at the regions of unutterable felicity.

To forbear revenge, when revenge is justice, is great: to love the offender, is noble:

to alleviate his distresses by private offices of kindness, is divine. Thus didst thou—with reverence I write thy name—thus didst thou, ERASTUS! When thine exalted soul enter'd the celestial abodes, angels, rising from their golden seats, congratulated thee, and hail'd thine arrival with songs of triumph.

These were the souls which their guardian angels led from the cross of the dying JESUS, into a life of probation. With expanded wings they descended from mount Olivet, and came to Gethsemane. At the garden where the SON of the ETERNAL suffer'd his agony, they were seiz'd with awe. Those who stood under the palms saluted them with cordial love: These were SIMEON, and the great prophet, who had the honour to baptize the divine JESUS, and to see the HOLY SPIRIT hovering over him like a dove, while the voice of the MOST HIGH, descending from Heaven, pronounc'd, This is my beloved SON, in whom I am well pleas'd. Here were also ESAIAH, the great prophet of the crucify'd JESUS, and EZEKIEL who beheld a

type of the resurrection; when crying, Hear, ye dry bones; the bones shook, and the dead awoke. Here too were NOAH, who found grace in the eyes of the LORD; righteous LOT; MELCHISEDEK, a prophet, priest and king; JOSEPH and BENJAMIN his brother; DAVID and JONATHAN; fair MIRIAM, the sister of MOSES, and DEBORAH, who sang the mercies of GOD, her saviour, and the saviour of the host of ISRAEL.

SIMEON now cry'd, Blest souls! go and enter your frail habitations of clay. May ye bring many to salvation! May ye diffuse benevolence and love thro' all the descendants of ADAM: benevolence purer and more sublime than the philosophers ever taught. Ah JOHN, how happy is their fate! How exalted will be their reward! Does not this sight brighten the gloomy ideas that stream from the hill of Golgotha?

The harbinger of the LORD return'd, Had I words to express my thoughts, could floods of mournful or joyous tears reveal what I feel, then, O SIMEON, would I

tell what I have felt, since the gracious MESSIAH has been dying on the cross. But silence best becomes me.

Thy words, return'd SIMEON, pierce thro' my soul. I was exulting in the end of his sufferings, and the glories that await him on the right hand of the MAJESTY ON HIGH. But how hast thou brought me back! Ah! he whom, weeping, I embrac'd—he whom, speechless, I held in my arms, till GOD restoring my voice, I burst into prayers and thanksgivings—he—he bleeds—he bleeds on the cross!—with malefactors bleeds!—While his heart still glows with love to man—with love to his murderers—he bleeds—he dies!—But I will hold my peace till all be accomplish'd.

Then DEBORAH and MIRIAM, after a long and mournful silence, burst into plaintive songs, flowing with melting softness. For the voices of the immortals rise in spontaneous harmony to express such sensations as those of DEBORAH and MIRIAM. Hence she who, on Ephraim's mount, gave her name to the spreading palm, and

AMRAM's daughter, thus in alternate verses sang.

O thou, once the most lovely of human beings! thou who wast the fairest of the sons of men! how are thy features chang'd by the livid traces of death!

My heart is plung'd in softest sorrow, and clouds of grief surround me; yet still to me he appears the most beautiful of men: of all the creation the most lovely: fairer than the sons light, when glowing with fervor, they adore the ETERNAL.

Mourn ye Cedars of Lebanon, which, to the weary afford a refreshing shade: the sighing Cedar is cut down: of the Cedar is form'd his cross.

Mourn ye Flowers of the vale, which grow on the banks of the silver stream; ye must not encircle the SAVIOUR's head: it is already crown'd with piercing thorns.

Unweary'd he lift up his hands to his FATHER in behalf of sinners. His feet, unweary'd, visited the dwellings of affliction. Now are they pierc'd. His hands and feet are pierc'd with cruel wounds.

His divine brow, he on that mount, bows to the dust: from it runs mingled blood

and sweat. Alas! how is it now wounded by cruel thorns!—by his bloody crown!

The soul of his mother is wounded as with a sword. Ah thou SON most gracious and divine! have compassion on thy mother, and comfort her, lest at the foot of thy cross, she die!

Ah, were I his mother, and already in the life of bliss, a sword would still pierce through my soul.

O MIRIAM! his compassion-beaming eyes are almost extinguish'd, and hard he draws his breath, which still breathes nought but love. Soon, ah soon will his last looks be directed towards the Heavens.

O DEBORAH! a mortal paleness sits on his faded cheeks, wet with the trickling drops of love. Soon will his divine head sink, to rise no more.

Thou, who shinest above, O celestial Jerusalem! burst into tears of joy. Soon will the hour of affliction be past.

Thou, who sinnest below, O terrestrial Jerusalem! burst into tears of grief; for soon, at thy barbarous hands, will the SOVEREIGN JUDGE require his blood.

The stars in their courses stand still, and the Creation is struck dumb at the sufferings of her CREATOR!—At the sufferings of JESUS! the everlasting HIGH PRIEST! the REDEEMER! the PRINCE of PEACE!

The earth also stands still, and from you who dwell on its surface, the sun has withdrawn his light. For this is JESUS! the everlasting HIGH PRIEST! the REDEEMER! the PRINCE of PEACE! Hallelujah.

Thus responsive sang DEBORAH and MIRIAM. The blessed SAVIOUR now visibly approaching the moment of death, most of the faithful withdrew, unable to bear the awful sight. With fix'd eye and unsteady step, LEBBEUS retir'd, follow'd at a distance by LAZARUS, who was involv'd in more compos'd distress. LEBBEUS entering a ruinous sepulchre near the foot of the mount of Olives, and leaning on a piece of the fallen rock, sunk down upon his knees, and rested his head on the craggy stone. When LAZARUS stopping at the entrance, with gentle voice, that would attract the ear of languishing sorrow, and make her stoop to listen, thus spake:

Sink not, my friend, beneath thy grief.
Lift up thy face from the damp, the silent
tomb, and let me see thee look at me. Ah
dost thou no longer know the voice of him
whom thou hast always lov'd?—of him
who has return'd thy love?—I am LAZA-
RUS, whose death cost thee so many tears,
whom JESUS restor'd to life. Oh with what
transports of joy, that seem'd too big for
utterance, didst thou then, with faltering
voice, thank our divine MASTER! Before
we return'd him our grateful thanks, this
body lay in the grave, and corruption be-
gan to seize upon it. How often have we
discours'd on that event!—Thou like the
other disciples, thought'st that his kingdom
was to be on earth, ere it began in Heaven;
yet never couldst thou solve the doubts that
kept me from seeking some earthly mean-
ing in the sublime discourses of our LORD.
But shake off, O my friend! this depres-
sing grief. Open to me thine afflicted heart.
Thou shalt lament him—thou shalt lament
the divine SAVIOUR, who lingering in a-
cute pain, has during successive hours been

dying on the cross. Yet sink not under thy grief. He can, if he pleases, descend from the fatal tree. But though he die, he will never see corruption. Can he who was before ABRAHAM, who descended from Heaven to raise mankind to the mansions of bliss—can he be subject to corruption?

LEBBEUS still lean'd on the rock, yet turning his face towards LAZARUS, with fix'd eyes look'd up to his friend, who running to him, embrac'd him, brought him out of the sepulchre, and seizing his hand, cry'd, Raise thine eyes, O LEBBEUS, and behold. I perceive the presence of God in this scene of gloomy horror. With what solemnity is it distinguish'd by the ALMIGHTY! How has he cloath'd the heavens and earth with his terrors! May not God, by the death of the HOLY ONE OF ISRAEL, be accomplishing those things we did not understand? Since the divine SAVIOUR has been bleeding, I have felt—(how shall I express my thoughts in just and worthy terms)—I have felt sensations soothing and peaceful, that have soften'd my affliction. Every thing round me ap-

pears sacred. Wherever I turn, I find the traces of the ETERNAL, the marks of his omnipresence. This sacred tranquility is fill'd with divine sensations. Since the gracious Sufferer has been bleeding on the cross I have heard a soft breezy fluttering, as if bands of the immortals were hovering near me. The same I heard when my soul had quitted its frail habitation. Celestial beings also frequently glance before my eyes with rapid flight. This, my dear friend, diffuses thro' my soul a divine calm, the peace of GOD, and dawning felicity.

Here LAZARUS paus'd, when LEBBEUS, fixing his looks upon him, suddenly call'd out, Thou art struck with amazement!—Ah, who is it? On whom dost thou gaze with such joyful transport?

LAZARUS, on recovering his speech, answer'd, Just now a celestial spirit shot over me.—Never before have I had such a view of the glory of an immortal!—of the bliss of the other world! He has perhaps brought from Heaven some divine message: for his flight was swift as the

quickest thought. Having thus with faltering rapture spoke, he embrac'd **LEB-
NAUS**, and then added, He will not—No,
he at whose birth the host of Heaven re-
joic'd, will not see corruption!

It was **URIEL** whose lustre had struck
the eyes of **LAZARUS**. The immortal had
left the sun, to fly to the progenitors of
the human race. I must inform you said
he, with his face glowing with the rapi-
dity of his flight, that the chief angel of
death descends from Heaven, with course
direct towards the earth. The flames of
the Lord blaze before him; the flutter of
his wings has the sound of the roaring
storm; and ethereal silence flies at his ap-
proach. Was his flaming sword to touch a
world, the enkindled dust would instantly
be dispers'd thro' the immensity of space.
Dreadful is his look—more dreadful than
when on the guilty earth he pour'd the
overwhelming deluge, and as the minister
of the general destruction, empty'd the
oceans of the celestial waters. Soon will
ye see him, and at the sight terror shall

[come upon you, as it did upon me. Deep
inexpressible sorrow is impress'd on his
awful countenance. Ah he is sent to bring
death to the MEDIATOR! and to denounce
the judgments of the ALMIGHTY on yon
guilty city! URIEL then trembling, turn'd
aside, and mingled with the angels.

Amazement mute and motionless, seiz'd
the souls of the patriarchs, follow'd by
a dejection too deep for words to express.
Struck with the thought that CHRIST,
the SON OF GOD, was in a few moments
to expire, the souls for whom he was
dying, tho' redeem'd from sin, seem'd to
sink back into their former earthly life, and
to feel sensations of guilt, which remem-
brance cloath'd in all its dread array.

ENOCH lean'd with his left hand on a
tomb, and rais'd his right towards Heaven.
Tho' he had walk'd with GOD, tho' he
had not fallen by the hand of Death, nor
had ever moulder'd in the grave, yet in the
eye of infinite Wisdom, and spotless Pu-
rity, he was not free from sin; but by his
faith and repentance he pleas'd GOD, and

was translated. Had the earth been dissolv'd, and the great lamp of Heaven extinguish'd, he would have remain'd undismay'd: but at the near approach of the SAVIOUR's death, grief stream'd thro' his inmost powers; and the angels, the patriarchs, the unborn souls, and every mortal vanish'd from his sight. Scarce could his eye discern him who shed his blood.

Near him ABEL lay on a rock in silent prostration. This son of ADAM was adorn'd with the sweetest innocence that mortal knows, with fervent piety, and gentle love, yet dy'd by a murderous brother's hand. His eyes were now alternately lift up to Heaven, and cast on the cross, while he lamented that the SAVIOUR of the world, the SON OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, should suffer a more cruel death than he.

SETH, the worthy brother of the first dead, and an early preacher of righteousness, had often, thro' the many centuries of his long life, meditated on the promis'd SEED, who should bruise the serpent's head; but had been able to form no idea of the dreadful sufferings of the mighty VIC-

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TOR. Now, with trembling heart and stammering tongue, he cry'd, O thou JUDGE of all!—thou JUDGE of whatever was, and is, and is to come!—Then pausing, cast his looks to Heaven, to the cross, to the redeem'd, and to the sepulchres of the dead.

Long had darkness cover'd the eyes of DAVID: Long had he trembled; yet, since the coming of URIEL, he stood looking up to him, who drew near to the grave. At length, recovering his speech, these broken sentences flow'd from his lips: O GOD! my SAVIOUR'S GOD! Why hast thou forsaken him? He pours forth his sighs before thee: but thou delayest to help him. The basest of sinners have laugh'd him to scorn.—have derided his confidence in thee. He is pour'd out like water: his heart is melted within him: his tongue cleaveth to the roof of his mouth, and soon wilt thou, O Death, lay him in the dust. Wild beasts, and not men, encompass him. They stand and look upon him whom they have pierc'd—Ah, how they have pierc'd his hands and his feet! They have stretch'd him on the

cross, and all his bones may be number'd!
 O God most merciful and gracious, how
 unsearchable are all thy ways! Soon will he
 leave his mortal frame—soon will he ascend
 on high, triumph over the grave, and lead
 Captivity captive! Then will his death be
 declar'd to the ends of the earth, that all the
 generations of men may bow before him!

Job, made perfect by sufferings, the trials
 of his faith and virtue, had been encom-
 pass'd by the terrors of the OMNIPOTENT:
 but, unable longer to think of the cruci-
 fy'd SAVIOUR'S death, he soar'd from the
 depths of affliction, crying, He will live!—
 he will live! He will rise the conqueror
 of Death and of Hell! Then shall my eyes
 see thee!—They shall see thee, my LORD!
 my REDEEMER! my SAVIOUR! in all
 thy glory!

Thus were the faithful affected by the
 expectation of the angel of Death. But
 none felt the near approach of the ME-
 DIATOR'S death with such lively grief as
 the first parents of the human race: who,
 when URIEL descended, were stand-

ing close to each other, with their eyes fasten'd on the SAVIOUR, feeling thro' all their vital powers, some resemblance of the terror inspir'd by the angel who drove them out of Paradise. Thus, at the last day, the bless'd, struck by the trumpet's powerful clangor, the trembling earth teeming with resurrection, and their own sensations of returning life, will be lost in wonder and astonishment; but at length, friends enraptur'd will know their friends, and brothers their brothers, whom, while absorb'd in amazement, they had not seen. So EVE, at length, took by the hand the father of men, and, with words scarce rising to sound, cry'd, Say, O ADAM, shall we seek some deep, some humble abyss; and there prostrate ourselves, imploring the ALMIGHTY to alleviate the pains of his death?

ADAM, with a look of love, reply'd, O mother of the human race! much too mean are we to intercede for him with his ALMIGHTY FATHER. Were JOB, NOAH, DANIEL, and even ELOA, the most exalted of the celestial spirits, with ardent

fervor to join with us, vain would be our supplications. The dispensations of God are all conducted by unerring wisdom—by infinite goodness. He does not see fit to interpose, and therefore no comfort—no consolation will the SAVIOUR receive amidst his anguish. Such are the decrees of the ALMIGHTY, whose ways are inscrutable. Ah! I am fill'd with a new idea, which perhaps flows from God, follow me, and do what thou seest me perform.

Now with mournful sight they descended from the mount of Olives to the hill of death, and stopp'd at the sepulchre, where the gracious SAVIOUR, like his brethren of the dust, was to sleep. Before the entrance of that house of death was roll'd a large and ponderous block of stone, on one side of which stood the father, and on the other the mother of the human race. The idea of the near sepulchre of the crucify'd JESUS, pierc'd her soul, like an arrow from the quiver of the ALMIGHTY, and she sunk on the stone. ADAM raising his hands, thrice utter'd, in

silence, the name of the REDEEMER; while with an attentive look of mingled love and grief, he view'd his face, now more pale than that of death. Soon overcome with the sight, he sunk in the dust, and placing his sorrowful brow on his folded hands, fix'd his eyes on the ground, from which GOD had form'd his mortal frame, and in loud prayer rais'd his suppliant voice, while the angels, and the exalted souls of his happy descendants heard his impassion'd orisons.

LORD GOD, merciful and gracious ! and thou the VICTIM-of the sins of man ! our High Priest, Prophet and King ! hear from thy bloody altar the fervent prayer we offer up to thee from thy gloomy sepulchre ! GOD has pardon'd our crime, and has permitted us for many ages, to behold thy divine face with rapturous joy ! Our sin was pardon'd on account of that death thou art now suffering ! Permit, O source of mercy ! that on this solemn day, in which thou restorest to the vision of the FATHER, all who resist not thy gracious purpose ; on this day in which thou reconcilest all ; blot-

test out the sins of all; and sayest man from eternal death: Permit, O divine MEDIATOR! that on this day, when thou also offerest thyself for me, I may recollect my sin, with humble and bitter grief. It is not, that I fear to be cited a second time before thy dread tribunal, I have seen the face of God, and thou art now enter'd into the Holy of Holies! However permit me thou JUDGE of the earth, who hast humbled thyself even to this death of the cross! once more to confess what I was, and to presume to recollect my forgiven crimes,

Here sacred melancholy and devout transport suppress'd his utterance. EVE silent, with expressive countenance, had accompany'd his prayer, and now added with audible voice: O thou who art devoted to death! on this day of blood—on this day, when, O my belov'd REDEEMER! thy mortal frame is to lie down in the grave, let EVE, the first of women, also mention her crime, with such grace forgiven, and acknowledge it with tears of humility and grateful love! Here ADAM

resum'd, Yes, 'twas we began the fatal
 trespass; we proceeded; we completed the
 dire offence. O deed of horror! slight was
 the prohibition—how easy, to perform!
 We receiv'd it from God, the First, the
 Best of Beings! our CREATOR! who form'd
 us of the dust, and gave us souls to
 know, and tongues to praise his goodness:
 who, while we were bless'd with inno-
 cence, fill'd our minds with inborn joy,
 and sweet sensations: who rewarded our
 ardent prayers with pleasing rapture; eve-
 ry new resolution not to taste of the fair
 forbidden fruit, every act of obedience be-
 fore our wretched fall, with sublimest de-
 light: who continually reminded us of
 his presence and sovereign wisdom, by ten
 thousand living creatures, whose admirable
 texture incessantly rewarded speculation
 with new discoveries, and increasing won-
 der, who gave to me, the mother of man-
 kind, and me to her: whose apparent
 glory bestow'd on us, rais'd us nearer to
 him, than all the farrounding creation.—
 Yet presumptuous and ungrateful, we
 vainly strove, O thou SOURCE of BEING!

to seize thy power, thy glory, and to become like thee divine.—But, gracious FATHER, thou hast forgiven us. Thee let us forever adore with warmest gratitude and awful love. And O thou divine SAVIOUR of men, the EFFLUENCE of thy FATHER's splendor! may these sufferings be repaid with glory, and honour, and affectionate obedience! May all the wide creation hail thy goodness, and all mankind proclaim thy grace!

Thus ADAM gave vent to the strong sensations of his mind, and with him our general mother: he with loud voice, and she in silent thought. Then the countenance of the dying REDEEMER beam'd on them divine mercy, heavenly tranquillity, and that peace of GOD which passeth knowledge. Enraptur'd, they felt these effusions of the MEDIATOR's love, and the first of men fill'd with extatic ardor, stretching his arms towards the cross, thus cry'd:

O my SAVIOUR, and the SAVIOUR of mankind, my children! thy love exceeds all thought: nor can words express my

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thanks; for "eternity itself is too short
"to utter all thy praise." Here will I
stay till thou bow'st thy head in death.
But amidst the pain thou sufferest for sin-
ners hear my supplications for my offspring
—for all who shall hereafter dwell on
earth. In the imperfect dawn of infant
thought may they feel thy love and lip thy
praise! O guide their blooming years;
cherish the tender plants that they may
early bring forth fruit! Irradiate those
with transcendant virtue, and truth divine
who, in riper age, are to enlighten the
earth, and teach the ways of God to
man! May the traveller never slumber in
the cooling shade, or on the brink of the
refreshing stream, while he looses sight of
the radiant crown which God holds out
from afar; and captivated by groveling
present joys, forgets the glorious future
recompence! And may all who cease to
attend to the soft voice of love and grace,
be call'd by affliction from the error of their
ways. O my children! my children! how
inexpressible is the condescension and grace

of him who dies on the cross for you! May your stony hearts be touch'd by his all-conquering love! With contrite souls may ye hear the voice of the blood which now flows from Calvary in streams of mercy and of grace!—

But what bliss pours in upon me! what joy pervades my inmost powers! while I contemplate the glories that await the righteous dead! From them the beatific vision is before death conceal'd—They soon enjoy it all—are ravish'd with ineffable delight, and with triumphant joy behold their LORD—their SAVIOUR! Oh when thou after the final judgment, shalt free the earth from the curse brought upon it by my sin, and shalt create it anew blooming like Eden, then, innumerable as the sands of the sea, as the drops of the morning dew glittering in the fields, and as the stars that shine in the firmament, be the multitude of those who enter into thy glory!

ELOA now call'd with a voice that shook the solid base of Moria, and made the

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courts of the temple tremble, crying, He comes. He comes. The messenger of God then descended on Sinai. Solitary he stood, while to him the heavens and the earth seem'd to dissolve and pass away. The ETERNAL, who upholds all things by the word of his power, then preserv'd him from sinking, and from him terror withdrew her iron gripe: yet was he fill'd with amazement and dejection. His right hand sunk, while he, trembling, held his flaming sword, no longer shining in pale splendor, but glowing with fiery blaze, like the red lightning sent by the ALMIGHTY, as the messenger of destruction. Seiz'd with reverence and awful love at a gracious look from the REDEEMER, he approach'd nearer, and, alighting on mount Calvary, sunk prostrate. His voice of thunder now melted into softest accents, yet was heard by the angelic circle, while he thus address'd the dying MESSIAH. I, a finite being, am sent by the SOVEREIGN JUDGE, to fulfil his great command. O thou, the radiant Image of his grace! thou SAVIOUR of men, who

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now dyest that man may live for ever !
strengthen me, a spirit of yesterday, united to a body form'd of a midnight cloud and liquid flame. Awe and terror compass me around ; yet must I execute the behests of thine Almighty FATHER.

He then return'd to Sinai's lofty summit ; where JEHOVAH again array'd him in all his terrors. Dreadful he stood, pointing his sword down towards Golgotha. Behind him arose a storm, the vehicle of the immortal's voice, which shook the palm groves, shook Jordan and Genazereth. Now the smoking blood of the evening sacrifice stream'd on the altar, and the immortal cry'd, Thou, O holy SAVIOUR of men, who condemn'd by that cruel city, hast freely consented to suffer death for sinners, thine enemies, the work of mercy and of love is accepted. The cry of thy blood is ascended to the ALMIGHTY, proclaiming grace to man : and in a few moments thou wilt become the prey of Death. Thus spake the angel of death, and turn'd away his face.

Meanwhile the holy, the all-gracious SAVIOUR, raising his drooping eyes towards Heaven, cry'd in a loud and pathetic voice, not like that of the dying, My GOD! my GOD! why hast thou forsaken me?—The celestial spirits fill'd with astonishment, instantly veil'd their faces. Now all the painful sensations of the holy the divine JESUS, were redoubled, and with parch'd tongue he cry'd, I thirst. He thirsted, call'd and drank: then trembled, bled, and became still more pale. Then again lifting up his benevolent eyes, he said, FATHER, into thy hands I commend my spirit! and adding, It is finish'd, bow'd his gracious head and dy'd.

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